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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

CHANDLER ROBBINS, EDITOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1837. NO. 853.---VOL. XVI.—NO 50.


### RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

#### DEATH OF DR OTIS.

The following Sermon, which was preached at East Bridgewater, on the Sunday after the death of Dr Otis of Scituate, has been sent to us for publication. It contains a particular description of the circumstances attending that event, which were of a rather peculiar and interesting character.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

JAMES iv. 14. Ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is a vapor which appeareth for a little time, then vanisheth away.

The changes of the world and the uncertainty of life have ever been themes of solemn declamation and warning. Reposing on the lap of prosperity and buoyed up by the joyous spirits of health it is difficult for us to realise these unquestioned and unquestionable truths. We are told that we know not what a day may bring forth—and yet we lay our plans and anticipate such and such issues almost with certainty. The events of every day are, as it were mapped out before our vision, and we feel very much as if we had the determination and arrangement of all things in our hands. We seem to be unaware that all changes and events are under the direction of superior intelligence, that our own times are at the disposal of him who called us into existence.

We are very likely to say to ourselves the following or something similar: 'to-day or to-morrow we will go into such a city and continue there a year and buy and sell and get gain;' 'whereas' in the language of the same apostle—'we know not what shall be on the morrow, for what is our life? It is but a vapor.' And we should, as the apostle would have us, recognise the providence of God. We should bear in mind that life is uncertain and that we cannot count with any assurance upon a succession of years or months or even days. This should be the language of our lips—'If the Lord will, we shall live and do this or that.'

These thoughts have been suggested to my mind more especially at this time by a recent event of melancholy interest which happened in a neighboring town.

The circumstances were of that nature that I cannot but feel myself justified in alluding to them in a public manner and from this sacred desk. It is not however my intention to preach a funeral discourse—to flatter the deceased or even to discuss the elements of his character—but to dwell almost exclusively on the manner of his death and indulge in those reflections which naturally occur. If those who hear me derive any spiritual benefit from the contemplation of this event, the purpose for which it is introduced will be answered. I trust the privilege will be granted me of a somewhat minute narration.

On Saturday—14th of this month (Oct.) I went to Scituate, as many of you have been informed. The clergyman of the Parish being absent with his family on a visit to his friends in Connecticut, accommodations were provided for me at the residence of Dr Otis the principal physician of the place. Some years previous I had been at his house and of course did not feel myself to be a perfect stranger. He received me in that cordial and hospitable manner for which he was distinguished. He had been indisposed for a few days from a disorder, common to the season, but now considered himself as about recovered. This disorder was altogether independent of that which so suddenly brought him to his end. His countenance indicated health and the enjoyment of life. I remarked to him in the course of conversation that his aspect was that of one who had been favored with good health. 'Yes—said he, I have been highly favored—and I ought to be grateful. Since I commenced the practice of physic—which is forty-five years, I have never been prevented by indisposition from visiting my patients night and day. I have never been really sick.' Very remarkable indeed, I replied. You have been truly blessed. He observed moreover that he had been in the practice so long that he had got tired of it—that it was no object to him—and that if he found his health hereafter at all affected, he should give up the most of business. He retired for the night in good season, and early in the morning was called to visit a patient. He went and seemed to be perfectly well when he returned and continued so through the day. During the evening he was in uncommonly good spirits—conversed with great freedom on a variety of subjects and was alternately playful and serious. In the course of the evening he had much to say about the old English worthies in literature, and sent his daughter for a volume of Goldsmith's essays and poems. He read aloud to me the poem which goes by the name of the 'Retaliation'—in which are contained portraits of various literary characters of great distinction. He read with peculiar interest, and re-read, the descriptions of the character of Burke, Richard Cumberland, David Garrick, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Dr Douglas.

He finished by a recitation of the poetical epistle to Lord Clare on the reception from him of a haunch of Venison. This piece is somewhat humorous and satirical. He read in a loud tone of voice and, with great zest. In reading it, he was obliged to assume different characters, and, his voice admitting of much variety and compass—he succeeded, to my admiration.

Such spirited and correct recitation, and from one who had nearly reached threescore years and ten, it had never been my good fortune to listen to. The tones of his clear and sonorous voice still ring in my ears. As I gazed at him, all life and action—his clear and spacious brow unwrinkled with care or age—his tall and majestic form, as erect and vigorous as when the airs of youth played around him. I could not but say to myself—here is a man that will withstand the tempests of life for many years. If any are likely to reach a good old age, 'tis he now before me. His locks are grey, but time will have an opportunity to whiten them. It will be years before he wrinkles that cheerful brow, or bends that lofty frame. It will be long before the silver cord is loosed and the golden bowl broken. He had sent word to one of his neighbors that if he went to Boston in the morning and had time to call, he wished much to see him. At half past nine he retired perfectly well—and in the morning awoke perfectly well. He said to his wife—'I feel so well that I have a mind to go to Boston to-day.' Between seven and eight he arose, and as his wardrobe was nearly completed he suddenly fell his length upon the floor. It was a fall from which he never arose. The swift dart of death had pierced him through the heart.

He was alone. I was in the room beneath, standing by the window, and, what is remarkable enough, perusing some of those passages which he had recited so admirably the night before. The fall was heavy, a groan immediately followed, and all was still. The extent of the calamity I did not dream of. Perhaps some one had leaped or fallen from a chair and hurt himself. In a few minutes the cry of death reached my ears, and the shriek of agony resounded through the apartments. I ascended the stairs to the room above—and there lay that noble form in the arms of women whose eyes dropt tears of deepest sorrow.

The struggle seemed to be over, and the shadows of death to have descended upon him. He spake not. He moved not. His eyes rolled heavy and lustreless in their sockets. We replaced him on his couch. I felt his pulse. It was silent. I placed my hand upon his brow. It was yet warm with life. The vital spark however had flown—and no physician's art could rekindle or recal it.

'The agony is o'er; nature her debt
Has paid: the earth is covered with a clay
That once was animate, and even yet
Is warm with an existence reft away
By him who gave. It were but yesterday
This clay peopled a happy universe
With beings buoyant, beautiful and gay,
But now, alas!'

He lies struck with instantaneous death—the flame of life extinguished before he could 'utter one regret for life—one thought for his family—one prayer to God.' She, but just a widow, falls upon his face and wets it with scalding tears. "And can it be? O! that I had come to you but a moment sooner! O, that you could have spoken to me but a word. It is not real to me. It seems to me but a dream.' But let me not trespass upon private sorrow.—The sad tidings ran through the village, and friend and neighbor came one after another to the house of mourning. The universal sentiment and salutation 'how sudden! how awful!' a skillful healer of disease—a rescuer of his fellow-men from death—a man of opulence and distinguished for his public career, an ardent friend to religion—a father of the town, has dropt dead among us, has been struck down, as it were, by fire from heaven. A great man hath fallen this day in Israel. Such seemed to be the thought of every one. To him may be applied with peculiar appropriateness and truth—these lines from a hymn to death by one of our most spiritual poets. They seem to be written for his epitaph.'

Oh, cut off
Untimely! when thy reason in its strength,
Ripened by years of toil and studious search,
And watch of nature's silent lessons taught
Thy hand to practice best the lenient art
* * * *
Tears were in unyielding eyes
And on hard cheeks, and they who deemed thy skill
Delayed their death-hour, shuddered and turned pale
When thou wert gone.'

Ye know not my hearers what shall be on the morrow; for what is your life? It is a vapor which appeareth for a little time, then vanisheth away. Little did I think to be called to witness so dark a picture in human life, to pass through so sad an experience, when I left this place. I hope however I have brought back a lesson both for myself and you. Trust not to to-morrow. You know not what to-morrow may bring forth. Be not over anxious for the things of this life. You may not live to enjoy them. This night thy soul may be required of thee; then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided? So is he that layeth up treasure for himself and is not rich towards God. Prepare for death while in life, for in life, you are in the midst of death. 'Be wise to day—'Tis madness to defer.' *Now* is the accepted time, *now* is the day of salvation.

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#### A SKETCH.

A mother was leaning, in the deepest hush of evening, at the couch of two infants, whose rosy arms were twined in a mutual embrace. A slumber, soft as the moonlight that fell through the lattice over them like a silvery veil, lay on their delicate lips: the soft, bright curls that clustered on their pillows were slightly stirred by their mild and healthy breathings, and that smile, which beams from the pure depths of the fresh glad spirit, yet rested on their sweet lips. The mother looked upon their exceeding beauty with a momentary pride, and then, as she continued to gaze on the lovely slumberers, her dark eye deepened with intense and unutterable fondness, and a cold, shuddering fear came over her, lest those buds of life, so fair, so glowing, might be touched with sudden decay, and gathered back in their brightness to the dust. And as she lifted her voice in prayer solemnly, passionately, earnestly, that the Giver of life would still spare her these blossoms of love, over whom her soul thus yearned; and as the low breathed accents fell on the still air, and deepened thought came over her, and her spirit went out with her loved and pure ones into the strange wild paths of life, a strong horror chilled her frame as she beheld mildew and blight settling on the fair and lovely of the earth, and high and rich hearts scathed with desolating and guilty passion. And the prayer she was breathing grew yet more fervent, even to agony, that He who was the fountain of all purity, would preserve these whom He had given her in their perfect innocence permitting neither shame nor crime, nor folly, to cast a stain on the brightness with which she had received them invested from His hand as with a mantle.

As the prayer died away in the weakness of the spent spirit, a shadowy form stood beside the infant sleepers. 'I am death,' said the spectre, 'and I come for thy babes; I am commissioned to bear them where the perils you deprecate are unknown—where neither stain, nor dust, nor shadow can reach the rejoicing spirit. It is only by yielding them to me you can preserve them from contamination and decay.' A wild conflict—a struggle as of the soul parting in strong agony, shook the mother's frame, but faith, and the love which hath a purer fount than that of earthward passions, triumphed, and she yielded up her babes to the spectre.—*Alex. Gazette.*

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[From the Watchman of the South.]

#### HOW TO TREAT THE SICK AND DYING.

We are happy to lay before our readers a letter from 'Luke a beloved physician,' on the subject of faithfulness to the dying. The professional skill and moral worth of our correspondent have secured to him a large share of the confidence of a very intelligent community.

TO THE REV. WM. S. PLUMER.

Dear Friend,—I was very much gratified in reading the extract in your paper of the 26th Oct. on the subject of 'truth to the dying,' from Dr Whittridge's address to the last graduating class, of the medical College of South-Carolina.

Being, as you know, a professor of religion when I commenced the practice of medicine, it was a matter of some importance to me to determine whether religious conversation, and the visits of religious people, with a view to such conversation, had any injurious effect on any of the diseases of the human system. As I esteemed the soul of vastly more importance than the body and the life of the soul in heaven, of greater value than the addition of a few years to this transient state, I of course, thought it important that the sick and the dying should know their true situation, and consequently have, as God has enabled me, in some degree at least, dealt faithfully with my fellow men in this important particular, and it gives me great pleasure to be able, now, after several years practice and I will say close observation all the time, to say, that never, in one single case, have I had any reason to believe that faithful religious conversation has had any evil effect on the disease of the sick, either in exciting and increasing advancing symptoms, or in retarding recovery. On the contrary I can easily recall many cases in which such a conversation seemed to have a calming, soothing influence, and in fact, to prove a balm, a medicine in itself more efficacious than medical prescriptions, and always their best auxiliary.

Physicians will find themselves often placed by the bed of the dying and will then feel their utter insufficiency to arrest or even retard the steps of the Destroyer. How often are they compelled to stand as mute spectators of the work of death! Then, in that hour, when the anxious, inquiring, piercing gaze, the laboring chest, the restless limbs and agitated frame all indicate the approach of the last mortal struggle—Oh, sir! in that hour when as regards the body the 'help of man is vain,' in that hour when the world and all its concerns is receding, when through the opening vista some glimpses of awful eternity are seen, awful to saint and sinner, how important in that hour, to be able to point the anxious soul to the great physician, to assure him, that there is a balm in Gilead, that there is a cure for diseases of the soul, certain, sovereign and efficacious in every case, where the patient *is only willing to be cured.* Does not every man in his senses know that he must die? Is it a matter of small moment, what shall be his situation beyond the grave? Can any rational soul, with eternity in view, be indifferent to this subject? And what shall we say of the morality or feeling of that man who will deceive the dying, who will hold out hopes which he knows to be fallacious, who will cheat the poor mortal out of the last precious moment of life, and who knows, but cheat him out of his soul; and yet this is done every day, and advocated too by men of high pretensions to moral rectitude and feeling. How would you like, Sir, to be upbraided for your unfaithfulness to his soul, by a poor mortal, struggling in the jaws of death? Yet, such a case have I known to occur. May it never fall to your lot as a minister, or mine as a physician, to encounter such upbraidings.

When a man is very sick is it not natural, is it not certain, that he will think of death and futurity? Let him only believe his case to be doubtful, and in ninety nine cases in a hundred the subject of religion, and the conversation and visits of religious persons will be acceptable and pleasing; and I speak this of cases where the individuals are known to have lived an irreligious and thoughtless life. Indeed in many cases I have known such persons reflect on their religious friends, for being so backward in introducing the subject of religion, and urging its necessity. I am far from encouraging a death-bed repentance; but if men will be so mad as to put off repentance to that hour, let us at least clear our skirts of their blood, let us point the dying sinner to 'the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.'

The Scriptures mention but one sinner pardoned and saved in the hour of death, the thief on the Cross. There is record made of this one case, that none should despair—and but of one, that none should presume.

Finally, I would say that in several hundred cases in which I have introduced the subject of religion to the impenitent, when sick or dying, I have met only a few cases in which the subject was treated with indifference, and only met with three cases in which I was repulsed; and two of these were infidels. If any christian physician will be encouraged to greater faithfulness in discharge of duty, I shall have gained one of my ends in writing these few remarks. The other end I have gained in adding my testimony to that of Dr Whittridge, that faithful religious discourse with the sick or dying, can in no degree have an injurious effect on their complaints, but in most cases the contrary. LUKE.

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#### CONSCIENCE IN THE MORNING HOUR.

In Bulwer's last novel, Ernest Maltravers, is the following passage:

'We are apt to connect the voice of conscience with the stillness of midnight. But I think we wrong that innocent hour. It is that terrible '*next morning*,' when reason is wide awake, upon which remorse fastens its fangs. Has a man gambled away his all, or shot his friend in a duel—has he committed a crime or incurred a laugh—it is the *next morning* when the irretrievable past rises before him like a spectre—then doth the churchyard of memory yield up its grisly dead;—then is the witching hour when the foul fiend within us can least tempt, perhaps, but more torment. At night we have one thing to hope for, one refuge to fly to, oblivion and sleep! But at morning, sleep is over, and we are called upon coldly to review and react and live again the waking bitterness of self-reproach.

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#### OLD HUMPHREY ON THE DAY'S SORROW.

It often occurs that Old Humphrey's first ejaculation, on opening his eyes after a night's slumber, is, 'Prepare and strengthen me for this day's sorrow!' Perhaps it ought not to be so, and perhaps we ought always to be more ready to thank God for mercies received, than to supplicate for more; but the truth is the truth, and we are continually leaving undone what we ought to do, and doing what we ought not to do.

Do you know what it is, when you awake, to feel the heart burdened? To know that there is a something to contend with, even before you are sufficiently yourself to be aware of what it is? I dare say you do, for few people are altogether ignorant of it.

And do you know what it is, after a few moments pause, for the full knowledge of the trouble to come over you, like the shadow of a cloud on a sunshiny day? No doubt you do; and if so, there is but little danger of my being misunderstood when I speak of 'the day's sorrow.'

There are some objects that more immediately concern God's people, and some that relate more particularly to the people of the world. The day's sorrow, however, will apply equally to the friends, and the enemies of the Redeemer; for 'whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth,' 'there is no peace unto the wicked.'

Shall I beat about the bush, and talk of trouble and sorrow in general? or shall I come to the point at once, and ask you what is your day's sorrow?

This latter course seems the best, and also the best adapted to my disposition. Come then, let me inquire what is the sorrow of the day?

Have you had a loss, or do you fear that you shall have one? Losses are trying things. Have you met with an unexpected disappointment in money matters? Disappointments sometimes sadly perplex and distress you.

Now, if your 'day's sorrow,' proceeds from all or from any of these sources, you have quite enough to becloud your spirit; but if you are one of God's people, take courage; for though perplexed, you shall not be in despair; though cast down, you shall not be destroyed. You may be weary and heavy laden, but comfort is at hand. Be industrious, be prudent, be strictly honest, and be patient, keeping your mind at ease, for the time being, by casting your burdens on Him who has promised he will sustain them, and all will yet be well.

But perhaps you have some sickness, some bodily pain, some infirmity come upon you, the consequences of which are unknown to you, and alarm you. How many a dreary day and weary night are caused by such a day's sorrow as this! But consider you are in the hands of a merciful and compassionate God, a faithful Creator and Redeemer, who knows your frame and considers that you are but dust. He can speak the word, and his servant will be healed; or he can so sanctify the affliction as to make it the choicest of his blessings. Cheer up, fainting spirit! think not thyself undone; even now thy Father comforteth thee: 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee:' thy chastisements may be a means of bringing forth the 'peaceful fruits of righteousness.'

It may be that you are sorrowing for sin, or mourning for the loss of the light of God's countenance; hanging down your head as the bulrush, and watering your couch with tears. If this be your day's sorrow, you need nothing in addition to it. To live in fear of temporal trouble is to wear a sad millstone round the neck, but the apprehension of God's fearful judgments is almost more than humanity can endure.

But perhaps you mistake your case. If you are sorrowing for the punishment of sin only, it will be a mercy if that be followed by sorrow for sin itself; and then there will be comfort enough for you in God's word. A godly sorrow for sin is unspeakably better than an ungodly rejoicing in sin: therefore, if you are enduring that day's sorrow, again I say, cheer up! So sure as you approach the cross of Christ, like Bunyan's pilgrim, so sure will the load fall from your back, and the burden from your heart. Whether your day's sorrow has to do with your mind, your body, or your possessions, I would, if I could, turn your mourning into joy; but seeing that I cannot do this, I must commit you to Him who can.

Often times have I been sadly puzzled while pondering on the sins and sorrows of the world; and much wiser heads than mine have been puzzled too at the same employment. It is said that a great man of olden time cut asunder with his sword a knot which no one could untie. Now, a text of Scripture has often done the same thing for Old Humphrey: it has done away with many a difficulty; why should it not do the same for you?

Whatever may be 'the day's sorrow,' look for a moment at the book of eternal truth; for if you are a godly seeker after salvation, a lowly follower of the Redeemer, you must receive consolation from the heart-reviving text, 'Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

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[From the New York Observer.]

#### ESTABLISHED CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

It is quite impossible, consistently with the studied brevity of these miscellaneous notices, to discuss, either the scriptural authority or general expediency of National Church Establishments. And I wish to bear it in mind, in the few following remarks, that having been born and educated under a different system, I am liable to magnify the evils which attend them. Were I an English Dissenter, I should certainly feel the galling of the yoke which our brethren deem so grievous; but I am not aware, that we in this country have any thing to gain by exaggerated statements on the one side of the question or the other—for there is little probability that our own voluntary system of supporting the gospel would be at all shaken, or very much strengthened, by what a thousand humble individuals like myself might think or write on the subject. While I own myself a decided 'Voluntary,' and fervently pray that the 'word of the Lord may have free course,' on this side of the Atlantic, I will not knowingly exaggerate the evils, incident to any system, that may happen to come under my review on the other.

By the Constitution and laws of England, the King is the supreme *Head of the Church.* By his royal authority, 'all ecclesiastical conventions are convened, prorogued, regulated, restrained and dissolved.' Though but three orders of clergy, viz. bishops, priests and deacons, are essential to the constitution of Episcopal government in England, other officers have been gradually introduced; such as archbishops, deans, prebendaries, minor canons, archdeacons, church-wardens, &c. The English episcopacy, as now organised, consists of the two Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and twenty four Bishops, who have seats in the house of Lords. The bishop of Sodor and Man has the good fortune to be an exception. The archbishops stand at the head of the bishops and all the inferior clergy in their respective provinces, and may present to all vacant livings at the disposal of the bishops, if they are not filled in six months. The Archbishop of Canterbury is the Primate of all England. It is his prerogative to crown the kings and queens of the Realm, and he takes rank next after the royal family. The King, or Queen, as head of the church, appoints the archbishops and bishops, by what is called a *conge d' elire,* or leave to elect, which is sent to the dean and chapter, naming the person to be chosen. Every diocese has a cathedral, with a dean and several prebendaries, called the dean and chapter. All the deaneries, except four small ones in Wales, and seventy five of the stalls, are filled by nomination from the crown. The revenues of the bishops, derived from lands and mines, are very large, and many of them rapidly increasing. Next to the prebendaries in rank, are the archdeacons, about sixty in number, whose duty it is, to inspect the moveables of the churches, induct into benefices and reform slight abuses.

In 1812, there were 10,693 parishes in England and Wales. The incumbents of these parishes derive their income mainly from tithes. The lands of England and Wales are thus designated in the ecclesiastical tables: tithe-free, titheable, tithe free in part, and tithe-free on payment of a modus, which is a very small commutation. The annual value of these lands is thus estimated in the last returns I have seen. Tithe-free, £7,904,378—titheable £20,-217,466—tithe-free in part, £856,183, and on payment of the modus, £498,823. The people have no legal right to elect their own pastors; but all the livings are filled by the Crown, or by clerical and lay patrons, who appoint whom they please; and however obnoxious, or unfit for his place any incumbent may be, there is no relief. Even flagrant immorality is, in too many cases, effectually protected, by the enormous expenses of prosecuting to conviction in the ecclesiastical courts.

In making out a list of objections against the English Church, as by Law Established, and noticing the abuses and evil tendencies which have been developed in the administration of its affairs, I feel no disposition to exaggerate any of them, nor to quarrel with those who insist, that some of them which have excited the loudest complaints, are not inherent, but accidental to the system. But whether inherent or accidental, so long as crying abuses exist, it will, I apprehend, be extremely difficult to separate them from the Establishment out of which they seem to grow; and quite impossible to silence the complaints which they have occasioned. And I feel constrained to say, that my visit to England confirmed the impression which I had long had, that in breaking off from Popery, Elizabeth and her successors stopped half way between Rome and Geneva. I may be mistaken; but it seems to me, that quite as many ecclesiastical abuses remain, as have yet been corrected; and indeed, some of the English Bishops, at this very day, keep up establishments, which the Pope himself might well envy. My objections will be briefly but frankly stated.

First: that feature of the British Constitution, which makes the reigning sovereign the *Head and Protector* of the Church, seems to me equally anti-christian and absurd. If there is any shadow of authority in the New Testament for it, I have, I confess never seen it. Such a man as Charles II. or George IV. supreme Head of the Church and Defender of the Faith! What a profanation of all that is sacred! And what is to protect the Church of England hereafter, from receiving all her bishops, and more than a thousand of her inferior clergy, from hands even more polluted? If the kingdom of Christ is not of this world, how must he look upon this spiritual usurpation! How must the purity of any church be stained, and her energies crippled, under such an organization. It is true, the reigning monarch of the British Isles must subscribe to the Thirty Nine Articles, and receive the sacrament;—but does this make him a Christian? And if it did, where has Christ delegated his authority to any earthly potentate, however exalted, or however loyal to himself, as 'King of kings and Lord of lords?'

Secondly: Church Patronage is another most arbitary and unchristian feature in the English Establishment; and it is exceedingly grievous to multitudes of the best men who belong to it. The great argument in defence of patronage is, that the patrons being commonly more enlightened than the people, will be likely to give them better incumbents than they would choose for themselves, and that the clergy are hereby protected in their cures from the fickleness of popular control. But let any candid man who is not hereditarily bound to the system, look at it for one moment, and then say, whether he believes it tends to the advancement of pure and undefiled religion, or the contrary. The King, as I have already remarked, fills all the Bishoprics and most of the Deaneries. Besides these, he presents to 552 Rectories, and 436 Vicarages. The bishops, in their turn, hold a vast many livings in all parts of the country, and the residue are in the hands of noblemen and other lay patrons, many of whom are the most unfit persons in the world, to fill vacancies. Of all the 10,936 parishes, not one has the right of election.

We should say, without stopping to look at the working of this vast patronal machinery, that it must, in the very nature of things, be highly prejudicial to the interests of religion. What, any one would ask, is to hinder the reigning monarch from making his own creatures and favorites, bishops, without any regard to their spiritual qualifications; or to restrain the other patrons from filling all the pulpits in the land with relatives and favorites, however unfit for the care of souls? Nor can the most strenuous advocates of the system deny, that political and mercenary considerations have a mighty influence in a majority of the presentations. If many of the bishops are distinguished for talents and learning, and if most of them are tolerably well versed in political science, which may perhaps be the case, how few are evangelical in their sentiments, and zealously devoted to their sacerdotal duties! As for the inferior livings, most of them are sought and bargained for, just like commissions in the army and navy; and nobody pretends, that the great body of those who go into the church, give any more evidence of vital piety, than their friends who enter the other professions. If we may judge them by their fruits, they are mere men of the world, in a canonical dress. They are so far from wishing it to be supposed they have ever experienced any other than baptismal regeneration, that hardly any thing would give them more uneasiness, than the thought of lying under such a Methodistical stigma. What the character of the English clergy (I mean of the Establishment) would be, if the people were to elect their pastors, cannot certainly be known, till the experiment shall have been fairly tried; but of one thing I feel quite confident—so long as the present system of patronage is continued, hundreds, if not thousands, will be 'put into the priest's office,' who care infinitely more for the 'fleece, than the flock.'

Thirdly: I cannot help regarding the secular titles and prerogatives of the English bishops as exceedingly preposterous. The Lord Bishop of Ephesus, or of Corinth—how would it have sounded in the Acts of the Apostles? A bench of Bishops in the upper house of Parliament! Did ever any thing savor less of the humility and meekness and entire consecration of Christ's ministers to their sacred calling? If the dignitaries of the church wish to mingle in the strife of whig and tory politics, why do they not first lay aside their sacerdotal robes, and meet their opponents hand to hand, as mere legislators? I do not pretend to know how this ecclesiastico-political anomaly, so discreditable to the Church of England, and so injurious to her spiritual interests, is to be got rid of. That the moment a man is made a Bishop, he shall become a Lord, and be entitled to sit and vote with the highest peers of the realm, is 'part and parcel' of the British constitution; and it seems to me that were I an English Dissenter, I should be no advocate for a violent ejectment. It is sometimes impossible, by a single stroke of the knife, to remove an excrescence of long standing, without endangering the life of the patient. But surely, the bishops might quietly vacate their seats, and devote themselves wholly to the care of their sees. Who would complain of them for taking a step so agreeable to their consecration vows? Would the church, would the Commons, would the Lords themselves, with whom they commonly vote, on great political questions? I cannot believe they would. The withdrawment of the bishops would take away so much of the popular odium, which now attaches to the hereditary branch of the British legislature, that I suspect even Lord Lyndhurst, and his Grace of Wellington would be glad to see the Episcopal bench unoccupied. Of this, however, there seems to be no immediate probability, although the popular will may, in one form or another, reach their Lordships sooner than they are aware of. But of one thing I feel morally certain—if the English church is destined to live and flourish in the milennium, her bishops will be found moving in their appropriate spheres of religious influence, enlightening the people by their doctrines and cheering them on by their holy example, and not in either house of Parliament, voting with the ministry, or dividing with the opposition.—DR HUMPHREY'S TOUR.

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#### A SHORT SERMON ON LONG ONES!

*Text—'Be Short,'—Cotton Mather.*

My friends, I have forty reasons against long sermons, but for the sake of brevity, I shall omit all but two.

1st. Long sermons seldom effect the object of preaching—the design of the preacher is to convince, instruct, and persuade.

Now, to convince, it is not necessary to dig a channel to the understanding as long as the

Ohio Canal—and, generally, two good reasons clearly presented, and powerfully urged, will produce more conviction than twenty. To INSRUCT—neither a whole system of theology, nor a world of illustration, nor a vocabulary of words, are necessary. Such surfeiting the mind rejects.—To IMPRESS, it is not necessary to thunder long and loud—the oak is riven by a single stroke of lightning—and to PERSUADE, the man that cannot be moved in *half* an hour, will not be *teased* into submission in an hour and a half. So that all beyond a sermon, is lost, and worse than lost; the lover of truth leaves the house of God, with a weary body, a jaded and unfed mind, and a heavy heart, not because the preaching was not evangelical, or was inappropriate, but because of its unreasonable length.

2d. Long sermons drive not a few from the house of God. How often is the excuse made —'I would attend church, but—but—who can endure an endless sermon.'

Such an apology may indeed arise from an aversion of heart to truth, but let the cause be removed, and this excuse at least will die.

TWO REMARKS—1st. We see one reason why some Ministers are so unsuccessful in their preaching. Were they to condense their thoughts, and urge them home briefly, vividly, and fervently, with the blessing of God, glorious results would follow.

2d. Let not Ministers complain that hearers sleep, nor of inattention, when they take the very way to produce it.

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### VERSIFICATION OF THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

The Decalogue has been thus tersely and quaintly rendered into rhyme; and would, in this shape, be a good exercise for the memories of young children:

I. I am the Lord thy God—serve only me:
II. Before no idols bow the impious knee:
III. Use not my name in trifles, nor in jest:
IV. Dare not profane my sacred day of rest:
V. Ever to parents due obedience pay:
VI. Thy fellow creature, man, thou shalt not slay:
VII. In no adulterous commerce bear a part:
VIII. From stealing keep with care thy hand and heart:
IX. All false reports against thy neighbor hate:
X. And ne'er indulge a wish for his estate.

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A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE REV. NOAH WORCESTER, D. D.—A discourse delivered in Boston, November 12, 1837, by William E. Channing.

We make the subjoined extracts, for the benefit of those of our readers into whose hands this sermon may not fall.

Within a few days, a great and good man, a singular example of the philanthropy which Jesus Christ came to breathe into the world, has been taken away; and as it was my happiness to know him more intimately than most among us, I feel as if I were called to bear a testimony to his rare goodness, and to hold up his example as a manifestation of what Christianity can accomplish in the human mind. I refer to the Rev. Noah Worcester, who has been justly called the Apostle of Peace, who finished his course at Brighton during the last week. His great age, for he was almost eighty, and the long, and entire seclusion to which debility had compelled him, have probably made his name a strange one to some who hear me. In truth, it is common in the present age, for eminent men to be forgotten during their lives, if their lives are much prolonged. Society is now a quick shifting pageant. New actors hurry the old ones from the stage. The former stability of things is strikingly impaired. The authority which gathered round the aged, has declined. The young seize impatiently the prizes of life. The hurried, bustling, tumultuous, feverish Present, swallows up men's thoughts so that he who retires from active pursuits, is as little known to the rising generation as if he were dead. It is not wonderful then, that Dr Worcester was so far forgotten by his contemporaries. But the future will redress the wrongs of the present; and in the progress of civilization, history will guard more and more sacredly the memories of men, who have advanced before their age, and devoted themselves to great, but neglected interests of humanity.

Dr Worcester's efforts in relation to war, or in the cause of peace, made him eminently a public man and constitute his chief claim to public consideration; and these were not founded on accidental circumstances or foreign influences, but wholly on the strong and peculiar tendencies of his mind. He was distinguished above all whom I have known by his comprehension and deep feeling of the spirit of Christianity, by the sympathy with which he seized on the character of Jesus Christ as a manifestation of Perfect Love, by the honor in which he held the mild, humble, forgiving, disinterested virtues of our religion. This distinguishing trait of his mind was embodied and brought out in his whole life and conduct. He especially expressed it in his labors for the promotion of Universal Peace on the earth. He was struck as no other man within my acquaintance has been, with the monstrous incongruity between the spirit of Christianity and the spirit of Christian communities, between Christ's teaching of peace, mercy, forgiveness, and the wars which divide and desolate the church and the world. Every man has particular impressions which rule over and give a hue to his mind. Every man is struck by some evils rather than others. The excellent individual of whom I speak was shocked, heart-smitten, by nothing so much, as by seeing, that man hates man, that man destroys his brother, that man has drenched the earth with his brother's blood, that man in his insanity has crowned the murderer of his race with the highest honors; and, still worse, that Christian hates Christian, that church wars against church, that differences of forms and opinions array against each other those whom Christ died to join together in closest brotherhood, and thus Christian zeal is spent in building up sects, rather than in spreading the spirit of Christ and enlarging and binding together the universal church. The great evil on which his mind and heart fixed was War, Discord, Intolerance, the substitution of force for Reason and Love. To spread peace on earth became the object of his life. Under this impulse he gave birth and impulse to Peace Societies. This new movement is to be traced to him above all other men, and his name, I doubt not, will be handed down to future time with increasing veneration as the 'Friend of Peace,' as having given new force to the principles which are gradually to abate the horrors and ultimately extinguish the spirit of war.

The history of the good man, as far as I have learned it, is singularly instructive and encouraging. He was born in narrow circumstances, and to the age of twenty-one was a laborious farmer, not only deprived of a collegiate education, but of the advantages which may be enjoyed in a more prosperous family. An early marriage brought on him the cares of a growing family. Still he found or rather made time for sufficient improvements to introduce him into the ministry before his thirtieth year. He was first settled in a parish too poor to give him a scanty support; and he was compelled to take a farm on which he toiled by day, whilst in the evening he was often obliged to use a mechanical art for the benefit of his family. He made their shoes, an occupation of which Coleridge has somewhere remarked, that it has been followed by a greater number of eminent men than any other trade. By the side of his work-bench he kept ink and paper, that he might write down the interesting thoughts, which he traced out or which rushed on him amidst his humble labors. I take pleasure in stating this part of his history. The prejudice against manual labor as inconsistent with personal dignity is one of the most irrational and pernicious, especially in a free country. It shows how little we comprehend the spirit of our institutions and how deeply we are tainted with the narrow maxims of the old aristocracies of Europe. Here was a man, uniting great intellectual improvement with refinement of manners, who had been trained under unusual severity of toil. This country has lost much physical and moral strength, and its prosperity is at this moment depressed, by the common propensity to forsake the plough for less manly pursuits, which are thought however to promise greater dignity as well as ease.

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On the subject of War, Dr Worcester adopted opinions which are thought by some to be extreme. He interpreted literally the precept, Resist not evil; and he believed that nations as well as individuals would find safety as well as 'fulfill righteousness' in yielding it literal obedience. One of the most striking traits of his character, was his confidence in the power of love, I might say in its omnipotence. He believed, that the surest way to subdue a foe, was to become his friend; that a true benevolence was a surer defence than swords, or artillery, or walls of adamant. He believed, that no mightier man ever trod the soil of America than William Penn, when entering the wilderness unarmed, and stretching out to the savage, a hand which refused all earthly weapons, in token of brotherhood and peace. There was something grand in the calm confidence, with which he expressed his conviction of the superiority of moral to physical force. Armies, fiery passions, quick resentments, and the spirit of vengeance miscalled honor, seemed to him weak, low instruments, inviting, and often hastening the ruin which they are used to avert. Many will think him in error; but if so, it was a grand thought which led him astray.

At the age of seventy, he felt as if he had discharged his mission as a preacher of peace, and resigned his office as Secretary to the Society, to which he had given the strength of many years. He did not, however, retire to unfruitful repose. Bodily infirmity had increased so that he was very much confined to his house; but he returned with zeal to the studies of his early life, and produced two theological works, one on the atonement, the other on human depravity or the moral state of man by nature, which I regard as among the most useful books on these long agitated subjects.

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I have thus given a sketch of the history of a good man who lived and died the lover of his kind and the admiration of his friends. Two views of him particularly impressed me. The first was the unity, the harmony of his character. He had no jarring elements. His whole nature had been blended and melted into one strong, serene love. His mission was to preach peace, and he preached it not on set occasions, or by separate efforts, but in his whole life. It breathed in his tones. It beamed from his venerable countenance. He carried it, where it is least apt to be found, into the religious controversies which raged around him with great vehemence, but which never excited him to a word of anger or intolerance. All my impressions of him are harmonious. I recollect no discord in his beautiful life; and this serenity was not the result of torpidness or tameness; for his whole life was a conflict with what he thought error. He made no compromise with the world, and yet he loved it as deeply and constantly as if it had responded in shouts to all his views and feelings.

The next great impression which I received from him, was that of the sufficiency of the mind to its own happiness, or of its independence on outward things. He was for years debilitated and often a great sufferer; and his circumstances were very narrow, compelling him to so strict an economy, that he was sometimes represented, though falsely, as wanting the common comforts of life. In this tried and narrow condition, he was among the most contented of men. He spoke of his old age as among the happiest portions if not the very happiest in his life. In conversation his religion manifested itself in gratitude more frequently than in any other form. When I have visited him in his last years, and looked on his serene countenance, and heard his cheerful voice, and seen the youthful earnestness with which he was reading a variety of books, and studying the great interests of humanity, I have felt how little of this outward world is needed to our happiness. I have felt the greatness of the human spirit, which could create to itself such joy from its own resources. I have felt the folly, the insanity of that prevailing worldliness, which, in accumulating outward good, neglects the imperishable soul. On leaving his house and turning my face toward this city, I have said to myself, how much richer is this poor man than the richest who dwell yonder. I have been ashamed of my own dependence on outward good. I am always happy to express my obligations to the benefactors of my mind; and I owe it to Dr Worcester to say, that my acquaintance with him gave me clearer comprehension of the spirit of Christ, and of the dignity of a man.

And he has gone to his reward. He has gone to that world of which he carried in his own breast so rich an earnest and pledge, to a world of Peace. He has gone to Jesus Christ whose spirit he so deeply comprehended and so freely imbibed, and to God, whose universal, all suffering, all embracing love he adored and in an humble measure made manifest in his own life. But he is not wholly gone; not gone in heart, for I am sure that a better world has heightened, not extinguished, his affection for his race; and not gone in influence, for his thoughts remain in his works, and his memory is laid up as a sacred treasure in many minds. A spirit so beautiful ought to multiply itself in those to whom it is made known. May we all be incited by it to a more grateful, cheerful love of God, and a serener, gentler, nobler love of our fellow-creatures.

From the NOTES we copy the following extract from a letter from one of his children, whose filial virtue contributed largely to the comfort and happiness of his last years.

'My father was blessed with pious ancestors. His grandfather was reputed a devoted minister. Both his grand-parents took a deep interest in his welfare, and, with his pious parents, no doubt, offered fervent supplication that he might early devote himself to the service of God. He often remarked that he could not remember, when he had not a love for divine things. A few days previous to his death, he mentioned a circumstance which deeply interested me. He said, that, in the absence of his father, his mother and grandmother were in the habit of conducting family worship, until he arrived to the age of twelve. From that period, he said, that he, being the oldest child, was called upon to perform this service. The sacredness, which, from early life, he attached to the observance of this delightful duty, may thus be accounted for. Even when there were strong indications of mental aberration, as there often was in the lethargic turns with which he was afflicted for several years previous to his death, he would call the family together at the customary hour, and address the throne of grace in an affectionate and collected manner.

He had no advantages for an education, excepting what the common public schools of that day afforded. He was industrious, and very economical of time, and having a thirst for knowledge, improved all his moments to some good purpose. At the age of twenty-one he was married, and removed to Thornton, N H. At what time he made a profession of religion, I cannot tell, but the deep interest which he took in the spiritual welfare of the people, and the affection manifested on their part, suggested to their aged minister the idea, that his own services could be spared, and that my father should prepare himself to be his successor, with the care of a family, dependent entirely upon his labor for support, and with few books except his Bible, he commenced. The minister above alluded to, I think, afforded him such assistance as he was able; but it was very evident, that the Great Teacher was his principal instructor, as he possessed much of his spirit.

He was in the habit of speaking of his death with perfect composure for many years, and calculated to have all his affairs arranged and settled daily, and appeared to be constantly waiting for the coming of the Bridegroom. If there was one grace, which shone more conspicuously in his character than another, I think it was gratitude; and surely no family have greater reasons for gratitude than we have had. The debt is great to earthly benefactors, but how immense our obligations to our Divine benefactor. During my dear father's last illness, when he was relieved from distress, or after refreshing sleep, he would exclaim, 'Give God the praise; help me to praise him.' For the last few weeks of his life, he was too weak to converse much. He appeared to take great delight in hearing the Scriptures read, and in uniting with Christians in prayer. His precious spirit returned to God who gave it, twenty minutes past nine in the evening of Oct. 31, 1837. When the clock struck seven he inquired the time, and whether it was seven in the morning or evening. On being told, he expressed his surprise that it was no later, and said, 'I hope that I shall be in Heaven before seven in the morning.' A friend replied, 'I trust you will.' He was asked if he should like to have prayer again. He answered very cheerfully, and with a smile upon his countenance turned to a friend present, and said, 'O yes, do.' A little before nine he requested that the death of Christ might be read to him. He was asked where. He replied in Matthew. A turn of distress prevented this request being complied with for some minutes, after which he was asked if he could now listen; he said 'Yes,' and appeared to attend with interest. This was his last request, and these were his last words.'

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QUEEN VICTORIA'S CLEMENCY.—On the first warrant for execution being presented to the Queen to sign, she burst into tears, when Lord Melbourne said, 'Your majesty knows you have the prerogative of mercy.' 'Then,' she quickly and feelingly replied, 'let the sentence be changed to transportation for life.'

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*For the Register and Observer.*

### CONSUMPTION.

As I sat musing in my room before a flickering fire, which now and then shot up a blaze throwing a ghastly, yellowish hue over the walls, a form appeared to be hovering round me, now approaching near, and then hastily retreating from me. At length a bright and continued blaze exposed her fully to my view. She was tall and thin, with a long, lean countenance, pale and sallow, with cheeks sunk in, with black and fitfully gleaming eyes, yellow teeth, and coarse, straggling hair, falling over her neck and shoulders. Her voice was shrill and pierced to my heart. Before she spake, she laughed, and such a laugh! It rings yet in my ears. 'Hurra! hurra!' she exclaimed, 'I have conquered. He defied me, he laughed at and scorned me. "Come on foul fiend," he cried, "cast your venomed darts, I fear them not. My iron nerves tremble not at your coming. My heart is too firmly encased in its adamant to cease beating at your approach, strike on, strike on." And I did strike. I drew a dart, and dipping it in venom, hurled it. It was fixed in his breast. He laughed and drew it out, and then threw it scornfully away. But its poison was left. I cast another dart more envenomed, and that also was infixed. He tore it out. And now in quick succession one after another was sped, and in vain he attempts to extract them. The poison runs through every vein: those iron nerves tremble and shake. His limbs refuse to bear his weight. He sinks on his bed, and in dreams of the night I visited him. Scornest thou me? 'Away foul fiend,' he cries, 'I defy thee,' and in his impotent rage, he attempts to strike me. Ha! strike *me!*

'And I threw another dart steeped in the poison of poisons, and he raves. His brain is on fire; his tongue, parched and swollen, hangs from his mouth, and he in vain tries to draw it in. His limbs swell, his frame is torn with anguish. His eyes gleam with madness and he dies. His last word was an oath of blasphemy, his last sigh, a sigh of agony, and his last breath, the breath of despair. Thus die they who scorn me.' And her horrid laugh rung again before she disappeared. I was almost afraid to breathe, the air felt so like poisonous vapor to my lungs.

A solemn, plaintive voice seemed to say, 'Oh! man, why dost thou delay to prepare for death? Why dost thou lay up anguish against the day of anguish? Man, repent, that thy end be not like his.' The voice sunk deep into my heart. May I heed its admonition, and now while health and strength and life are spared me, make preparation for sickness, weakness and death.

Again the dread form visited me. Her countenance was ghastly as before, but that dread smile of exultation and victory was no longer seen. Nor did that horrid laugh ring again in my ear. She came to me mournful and depressed. 'Oh! man, my reign is o'er. I have fought and conquered oft, but now my course is run; I have been defeated.' How? I asked, for her sorrowful tone interested me in her story. 'After I left you,' she continued, 'I wandered up and down the earth seeking for victims, and many wretched beings I hurled into their graves. At length in my wanderings I saw a family, whose perfect happiness excited my envy. There was a lovely girl, the pride of her friends, the joy of her parents, the delight of her brothers and sisters. The smile of virtuous amiability always irradiated her countenance. The rich fondly loved her, the poor showered their blessings on her head. I poisoned my dart and raised it. She saw me, and as she looked, such a heavenly smile played over her face, that I could not cast it. But as I looked again and beheld her smoothing the pillow of wretchedness, and comforting the heart of sorrow, I could not resist. I threw a dart, and when she saw it rapidly approaching her, and felt it piercing her breast, she raised her eyes to Heaven and with the sweetest voice said, 'Father not my will, but thine be done.' In quick succession, dart after dart was infixed. And when I saw the weeping friends, and heard their heart-rending cries, I felt a thrill of joy. But as I looked at the sufferer, and saw the same serenity, and heard the same language of submission and trust, undisturbed by the fiercest pain, I felt that my power was failing, and my kingdom drawing to an end. I made a final effort, and taking a dart, steeped it in the very gall of bitterness, and hurled it. She knew that she was dying, but her spirit was not agitated. She turned and sweetly bade farewell to her friends; and clasping her hands and raising her eyes, she breathed out her spirit in these words, 'Oh! death, where is thy sting? oh, grave, where is thy victory!' My reign is o'er, my course is finished.'

Thus she spoke and retired.——And the same solemn voice, more tender and plaintive than before, said, 'man, wilt thou die the death of the righteous? Then live the life of the righteous.' H. H. I.

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Religion must be learned by practice, not by hearing or reading only; it is not by hearing or reading about shoes, that a man becomes a shoe-maker.

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*To the Editor of the New York American:*

It will probably be recollected by some of your readers that I published some time since a vindication of the author of 'Home,' from certain remarks in a note of Miss Martineau's book upon 'Society in America.' The paper containing that article was forwarded by my directions to Miss M. Justice to her, as well as to the author of 'Home,' induces me to ask of you the insertion of the following letter, lately received. R. SEDGWICK.

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ROBERT SEDGWICK.

Dear Sir—I hope I am indebted to you for a sight of your letter to the Editors of the Evening Post, in which you vindicate Miss Sedgwick from an injustice done to her in a note to my work on Society in America. Your account of the transaction referred to, clearly shows that I was in error: that in the alterations she made in 'Home' with regard to the mode of passing Sunday afternoon, she surrendered only what she considered unimportant in principle, and that she resisted *solicitations to suppress* yet more, preferring rather that the work should not be printed, than that it should yield her own convictions to those of others, in which she did not agree. I am extremely sorry that I was misinformed on this point and that, by some strange mistake, I had an impression that the account given me from many quarters was confirmed by herself. I lose no time in endeavoring to do her justice. Fresh editions of a work are the only volumes which are nearly certain not to meet the eye of the reader of the first, and it would, therefore, answer no purpose to make my acknowledgment of error there. I, therefore, request you to have the kindness to insert this note in the newspapers, or make any other use of it which may seem to you most public and effectual.

Believe me, dear sir, yours, truly,
HARRIET MARTINEAU.
Westminster, Oct. 6th, 1837.

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Men think highly of those who rise rapidly in the world, whereas nothing rises quicker than dust, straw, and feathers.

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FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

### OVERTHROW OF PROTESTANTISM.

Mr Editor,—Are we Protestants aware that our faith has passed safely through the period predicted by a certain Catholic writer for its entire overthrow, namely the year 1825? One of the four principal hypotheses on which the Apocalypse has been interpreted, makes it 'a prophetic declaration of the schism and heresies of Martin Luther, of those called Reformers and their successors, and the final destruction of the Protestant religion.' This ingenious method of interpretation has been illustrated and defended in a work published in Europe during the last century, of which the following is the title.

'The general history of the Christian church from her birth to her final triumphant state in heaven, chiefly deduced from the Apocalypse of St. John the Apostle, by Signior Pastorini'—an octavo volume of two or three hundred pages, understood to have been written by a Mr Walmsley, titular Dean of Wells, under the feigned name of Signior Pastorini.

In this work, every thing interpreted by Luther and the Protestants of the Pope and Popery is turned directly against themselves. Signior Pastorini attempts to show from a scientific computation of the mystical numbers mentioned in the Apocalypse, that the total overthrow of Protestantism in the world must take place in the year 1825. Some years before this sad prophecy should have been fulfilled, the Catholic College of Maynooth in Ireland published a new edition of this singular work, with some confidence as it would seem that the prediction was to be accomplished.

Now, Sir, in view of this labored treatise by our Catholic brother, and prizing as we do the doctrines and principles of Protestantism, have we not cause for congratulation, that twelve years have gone by and Protestantism is still standing in the world? Or, lest we exult too soon at the escape of our faith from its predicted 'overthrow,' will not the Catholic College of Maynooth in Ireland venture once more to revise the work of Signior Pastorini and see if some error has not crept into his calculation. His theory may still be true while his arithmetic may be at fault. It may not be easy perhaps to deal correctly with St. John's mystical numbers, the strange 666, for instance, which the Apostle tells us was the name of the Beast. If so, some mistake has possibly marred the beauty of the Signior's computation; and instead of rejoicing particularly at the continuance of Protestantism, we have only to account for it from the fact that the period he intended to predict has not yet arrived.

*Cambridge.* F. A. W.

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THE MISTAKEN DIVINES.—Rica, having been to visit the library of a French Convent, writes thus to his friend in Persia concerning what had passed: 'Father,' said I to the librarian, 'what are these huge volumes which fill the whole side of the library?' 'These,' said he, 'are the interpreters of the Scriptures.' 'There is a prodigious number of them,' replied I; 'the Scriptures must have been very dark formerly and very clear at present. Do there remain still any doubts? are there now any points contested?' 'Are there!' answered he with surprise, 'are there! There are almost as many as there are lines.' 'You astonish me,' said I; 'what then have all these authors been doing?' 'These authors,' returned he, 'never searched the Scriptures for what ought to be believed, but for what they did believe themselves. They did not consider them as a book wherein were contained the doctrines which they ought to receive, but as a work which might be made to authorise their own ideas.'

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## CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 16, 1837.

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### DEDICATION AT ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

The first Congregational Church at St. Louis, was dedicated on the 29th of October 1837. It does very great credit to the young Unitarian Society in that place, that in the face of all the various discouragements and obstacles to their undertaking, both pecuniary and sectarian, they have persevered, and erected a neat and commodious edifice for their worship.

Mr Eliot has done a good, a great work, in that distant region—and we are grateful to Almighty God that *He* has so borne up our brother, and crowned his prayers and toils with such large success.

We have received a Discourse preached by Mr Eliot on occasion of the Dedication, which was published by request of the Society, who were prompted, as is stated in their letter to him, by the belief that its circulation would aid in dispelling the erroneous opinions generally held in relation to the principles upon which the Church is founded.

TEXT—Psalms xc. 16, 17. 'Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us; and establish thou the work of our hands, upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.'

After an appropriate and impressive introduction,

The subject to which Mr Eliot proceeds to direct attention, is, to *whom*, and to *what* the Church is to be dedicated. First: to the worship of Almighty God, the Father. Secondly: to Jesus Christ. Thirdly: to the teaching of the Holy Scriptures. Fourthly: to spiritual life, to faith, to religion in its essential spirit. Fifthly: to the teaching and practice of morality; and finally: to *Religious Freedom.*

All these important heads are ably and fully treated. The remarks under the last will be interesting to our Readers.

FINALLY. We dedicate this house to *Religious Freedom*: To the great protestant principle, that to his own master every man standeth or falleth, that no one man has a right to pass judgment upon another. To the plain common sense doctrine, that every man should form his faith and regulate his life according to his own conscientious convictions of what God requires.

We wish to guard ourselves from those incessant bickerings, and heart-burnings, and disputes, which, in many instances, have marred the beauty of Christ's Church. We hear around us the noise of contention, of men calling down upon each other fire from heaven, the angry voices of men who have more zeal than knowledge; and the Christian Church has always, by these means, been kept in a state of warfare, sect against sect, brother against brother. We do not wish to join in, or increase the discord, and therefore, we desire to extend to all men the right of judging for themselves. On the one hand we find nothing, either in reason or Scripture, which gives any man the right of sitting in judgment over us, and, on the other, we make no attempt to sit in judgment over him. If this principle were every where and cordially allowed, we believe that universal charity and forbearance and peace would reign among Christians; different sects would then meet as they ought to meet, as brethren, and although they might continue to be zealous, according to their several views of the truth, there would be no contention and nothing of the severe and unchristian language of anathema, of which we now hear so much.

We therefore dedicate our Church to Religious Freedom. We would carefully avoid putting any restrainst upon men's consciences. Accordingly, we have given to this Church the name of *Congregational*, rather than Unitarian, because we do not wish to restrain men, even by a word; for, although the majority of those who worship here might like the latter name, yet there are many others, who are not prepared to take it on themselves and who may yet wish to worship with us. To the entrance of such persons we offer no barrier. This Church is not pledged to support Unitarianism, but Christianity, and all Christians are welcome here. According to the same principle, we acknowledge the authority of no Creed, but the Bible. The New Testament is itself our articles of faith and rules of discipline. We are afraid of human contrived creeds, for at best they are only fallible interpretations of the Scripture. They do not serve the purpose of promoting Unity of Faith, much less, harmony of feeling, for the more you multiply them, and the more minute you make them, the more do sects multiply and the more do they contend. Therefore we are satisfied with the creed which Jesus and his Apostles gave—the New Testament.

And once more, according to the same principle, when our communion table is spread, we invite all Christians to come round it. We claim no right to exclude any. We ask not the Methodist, or Calvinist, or Unitarian to come, but all who believe in Christ. We know, that to some this seems like too great latitude; they call such freedom, lawlessness. But we answer, that it is no more than Christ and his apostles allowed. It was Paul who said, 'Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? to his own master he standeth or falleth.' Men are not responsible to each other, but to God. To Him we are responsible, for every act, for every opinion, for every thought, for every desire. But the freedom which he has given us, we will not relinquish, nor try to take away from others. To all we say, 'Judge ye for yourselves what is right.'

The task which I undertook is now accomplished, so far as my ability extends. Will you bear with me, while I bring together in a single sentence, the sum of what I have said. The question was, to whom and to what we dedicate this Church; and we answer,—that we dedicate it to Almighty God, the Universal Father; to Jesus Christ his son, our Lord and Savior; to the Holy Scriptures, as the fountain of our religious faith; to the spiritual life and strict morality, which are therein explained and enforced; and, finally, to Religious Freedom.

My brethren: do we indeed dedicate this house, that we have built, to so noble and sublime a purpose? What manner of men ought we to be, in all holiness and brotherly love. Disgrace not the profession that you make. Carry with you always the great truths and principles to which you give your assent. Whereas many speak evil of you, lead them by your good works, which they shall behold, to glorify God. And may God our Father, through Jesus Christ our Lord, bless us and graciously accept the work of our hands and the sacrifice of our hearts: may he keep our eyes from tears and our feet from falling, and at last present us faultless, before his throne, with exceeding joy.

We are glad to perceive that our friends at St. Louis have designated their Church as a '*Congregational*' Church. This is the appropriate and distinctive name for the Churches of our denomination. We have not the slightest objection to the term Unitarian, or any other name when used in its proper place, to denote our faith. But a Church is not to be named by its faith, but by its government or outward discipline—as Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Congregational. And this for the obvious reason, that the faith of the worshippers may change, while the form of government continues. This has actually been the case in New-England with some churches that have been incorporated by law as 'Trinitarian,' or 'Calvinistic,' or 'orthodox'—so that while the members themselves have ceased to hold such opinions, the legal designation of the Church still remains. Besides this, there are other weighty reasons why, especially in the state of Massachusetts, those Churches, which are so in fact, should retain in name, their ancient legal title as Congregational. To some of these reasons we will advert in a future paper. And in the mean time we commend the example of our distant brethren of St. Louis to imitation at home.

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Our readers will find among the advertisements of last week, a Prospectus of an Independent Review to be edited by Rev. O. A. Brownson. We learn that several popular writers have engaged to contribute to its pages.

Such a work has been often desired of late years, and we hope that Mr B. will meet the wishes of the Friends of Freedom and Reform. And all that will be necessary to accomplish this result will be to adhere strictly to the plan as it is stated in the Prospectus.

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### MR. MUZZEY'S S. S. TEACHER'S GUIDE

Is decidedly the most useful and timely assistant to the Sunday School Teacher that we have yet seen. It is written in an easy and agreeable style; deals with a very extensive range of topics; introduces a variety of pointed illustrations; presents high motives and aims—and breathes a spirit of sincere and manly piety. Precisely such a book has been long in demand; and the author may enjoy the high satisfaction of having well supplied a large and immediate want.

We cordially recommend the book to all Teachers and friends of Sunday Schools—being well assured that it will materially increase their knowledge and interest, their faith and efficiency.

We have made an extract or two, at random.

### AWAKEN A SENSE OF RELIGION—ANECDOTE OF A LITTLE GIRL.

Another aim of the Teacher should be to awaken a *Sense of Religion* in the heart of his pupils. It is remarkable how early this may be done. A little girl, of only three and an half, once came into the room, with her child's tea cups and saucers in her hand, and taking her seat at the window, by the side of her father, she said;—

'Father, won't you please to come to the window, and see how God has taken the rain away.'

Her father then took a seat by her.

'Dear Father,' said she, 'won't you read in your Bible to me?'

'Yes,—what shall I read about?'

'Read about God.'

'About God's doing what?'

'Taking care of *litten* children.'

After reading a verse and making some remarks on its meaning, he added; 'Some people think little girls can't understand about God, my daughter.'

'I can,' she replied instantly.

'What can you understand about him?'

'That he takes care of *litten* children.'

'And what else?'

'He says you must punish naughty children.'

'Where does he say so?'

'In his holy Bible.'

'Do you know enough to say your prayers?'

'Yes, Sir.'

'I am going to say mine now,—come and kneel down with me.'

On waking two or three mornings after, she said 'How good God has been, to take care of us, hasn't he? I thanked my God last night after I came to bed—I didn't speak loud—I spoke softly.'

Were children conversed with in this way, we should often be astonished at their remarks.

Now the Teacher should strive to imitate

this example, to call forth the feelings of his scholar towards his Heavenly Parent. The elements of piety exist in the bosom of every child. There is a conscious connexion with, and dependence on, some Higher Power, which is among the earliest emotions awakened in a well educated mind. Direct this sentiment toward its true Object. By every method in your power, lead the child to regard the Divine Being as his personal Friend. Make the idea of God pleasant to him. At the same time, unite in his mind, with the utmost intimacy between God and itself, a becoming reverence. Let love and veneration be twin sentiments, and imprint them in ineffaceable lines. Bring the child to realize that 'in Him we live, and move, and have our being.'

AIM TO FORM RELIGIOUS PRINCIPLES—ANECDOTE.

The Sunday School should aim to form *Religious Principles* in its pupils. It is not enough to teach truth, to convey knowledge, to show them the way, in which they should go. The Teacher should not rest, until the instructions he has given become quickened into life. What is most needed is an active, self-subsisting virtue. Without this, no amount of knowledge can save the child. Have you succeeded in kindling a love of excellence in his soul? Can you perceive that he is growing in faith? Do you see new proofs of kindness, forbearance, and forgiveness, as you penetrate his character? Is conscience becoming more and more tender? Do you discover pledges of his making this a practical, uniform guide in his subsequent life? Let me illustrate my meaning. A gentleman placed his son with a dry goods merchant in —— street. For a time all went on well. At length a lady came into the store to purchase a silk dress, and the young man waited upon her. The price demanded was agreed to, and he proceeded to fold the goods. He discovered, before he had finished, a flaw in the silk, and pointing it out to the lady said, 'Madam, I think it my duty to tell you, that there is a fracture in the silk.'

Of course she did not take it.

The merchant overheard the remark, and immediately wrote to the father of the young man 'to come and take him home; for,' said he, '*he will never make a merchant.*'

The father, who had ever reposed confidence in his son, was much grieved, and hastened to the city, to be informed of his deficiencies.

'Why will he not make a merchant?' asked he.

'Because he has no *tact*,' was the answer. 'Only a day or two ago, he told a lady, *voluntarily*, who was buying silk of him, that the goods were damaged; and *I lost the bargain. Purchasers must look out for themselves.* If they cannot discover flaws, it would be foolishness in me to tell them of their existence.

'And is that all his fault?' asked the parent.

'Yes,' answered the merchant, 'he's very well in other respects.'

'Then I love my son better than ever,' said the father, 'and I thank you for telling me of the matter; I would not have him another day in your store for the world.'

Now this is the true fruit of a good religious education. This father would make a noble Sunday School Teacher. He taught his son practical goodness. Let us study the secret, by which children are so trained.

ESTABLISH RELIGIOUS AND MORAL HABITS.

Another Object, I would now name, is the establishment in your pupil of *Religious and Moral Habits.* He must not only have good principles, that is, know how, and determine always to do right, but actually do so. It will not suffice, that he occasionally call his good principles into exercise. This must be his daily practice. In no instance may he yield to a wrong spirit. This universal obedience to the laws of God cannot be too strongly inculcated. A child should be made to shrink from the slightest touch of moral pollution. Total abstinence from sin, which means, as a Sunday scholar once said of Temperance, '*never to take the first drop,*'—this is his only effectual safeguard. If you countenance, or pass by, the smallest deviation from rectitude at this age, you sow the seed of an immeasurable harvest of future transgressions. A class, in a certain Sunday School, were once asked, 'Why it was best to become Christians while young.' A little boy answered, with a beaming eye and a forcible gesture, 'Because, *it is just like bending a little tree,—it will grow just as you bend it.* But, if we do not become Christians till we are old, *it is like trying to bend a* GREAT *tree*—it WONT bend.' Let the Teacher strive to lead his pupils to practise, constantly, without a single exception, all that is holy and good. So will the tree grow with grace, and bend beneath the fruits of life eternal.

*For the Register and Observer.*

CHRISTMAS.

The day is approaching on which by far the greater portion of the Christian world is accustomed to celebrate the navity of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Shall the occasion be unobserved by us? Shall our people go forth to their works and their merchandize apparently unconscious that the greatest event in the world's history is commemorated on that day? Our temples closed; the anthem silent; no rejoicing crowd thronging the holy altar, no prayer, no thanksgiving, no sign that sinful mortal men joy, in the gift of a Redeemer who hath abolished death, through whom is 'remission of sins' and eternal life? Inconsistent men. We can celebrate a national jubilee, but with the world's jubilee we have no concern. We can get up a pageant to testify our joy for a temporal deliverance, and waste thousands to make it of a worthy splendor, but an hour of holy thought and praise and prayer, that does the soul good, we cannot spend in God's house to the honor of that blessed time, when even the anthem of a Heavenly Choir broke on the still night air of Judea's vale, glorifying that wondrous birth, to which all nations and ages and worlds must look for spiritual freedom, light, and joy. The birth of nations and of heroes is remembered and sung; but the birth of him who is the glory and true life of all nations and souls must be unhonored and forgotten. And why? Because the early settlers of New England abolished its observance among themselves. For had they not, we should never hear the trifling objection that the day of the Savior's birth is not beyond question determined to be the twenty-fifth of December; as if the grateful soul could not pour itself forth in thankful praise on any day fixed for the observance, as well as on the true day itself. Neither should we hear the objection drawn from its abuse in Europe. For apart from the little danger of having too many holy or other festivals in our land of busy care, the argument that a good thing is to be abolished because it is abused is futile. The Corinthians most shamefully perverted the rite of the Lord's Supper; did St. Paul advise them to discontinue the memorial? The Sabbath is grossly abused; shall it be abolished? For what abuses has Christianity been the pretext? Will you therefore abandon your holy faith? Grant that there is not the same authority for keeping the festival of the Nativity, as for keeping these. It is enough that the festival is the appropriate, beautiful, natural offspring of Christian faith and the love of our blessed Lord, and singularly adapted, if rightly observed, to open the fountain of devout gratitude in every Christian heart, and swell the waters as they flow. There were noble men among the pilgrims. Let us venerate all that was great and worthy in their characters. But let us have done with endorsing their errors and follies. Let us cease to follow blindly the lead of men who could solemnly enact the absurdity of such a law as follows:

'No one shall read common prayer, keep Christmas or Saint's day, make mince pies, dance, play on any instrument of music except the drum, the trumpet, and the Jew's harp.'

Thus decreed our fathers of Connecticut. Peace be to their souls; though they had little idea of giving any body peace on earth, as appears from other of their veritable laws;

'No food or lodging shall be allowed to a Quaker, or other heretic.'

'If any person turns Quaker, he shall be banished, and not suffered to return on pain of death.'

'No Priest shall abide in this dominion. He shall be banished, and suffer death on his return. Priests may be seized *by any one without a warrant.*'

Our fathers of the Plymouth and Massachusetts settlements share in the honor of the same feelings which dictated the above magnanimous resolves. We do not choose to follow such men in all things because they have done some great things. No; in denouncing indiscriminately every usage of the mother Church from which they separated, they acted the part of the pettish child who, because he cannot have just that thing he wants, dashes from him furiously every thing he has. Let us try religious obsevances by their own merits, and not by the opinions of any body of men in regard to them. And if we find in the Nativity of our Lord an occasion to which our hearts are drawn with a holy, joyful sympathy, let us obey the grateful impulse, and chant our hymns in honor of the great Redeemer's birth. Throw open wide the temple gates. Press to the holy altar. Redeem another day from the uses of this world, and comfort the soul in its struggle with care and sin and sorrow, by the immortal hope and heavenly joy promised by the rising of the Sun of Righteousness upon the deepest darkness of the world, as the sun in heaven, rising at this season from the depth of winter's gloom and ascending in his annual course, promises the resurrection of nature, the hope of spring, the summer's joy. A. C. P.

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N. B. We have received several communications which shall be attended to next week. In order to keep even pace with the interesting publications of our friends—from which our distant subscribers desire and expect extracts at a nearly date—some original matter has been crowded out of the present paper.

MISS SEDGWICK'S LOVE TOKEN FOR CHILDREN.

James Munroe & Co. have sent us a beautiful little work just published and entitled as above, from the pen of Miss C. M. Sedgwick; inscribed to Miss Elizabeth Howard of Boston, at whose request it was written.

It consists of eight Tales which are written in an easy and graceful style—and intended to inculcate excellent morals. It is expressly designed for Sunday School Libraries, to which it is a delightful and highly valuable addition.

It will make many a young heart glad, while it sweetly infuses into it a pure spiritual energy.

WESTERN MESSENGER.

It gives us extreme regret to find that the Messenger has lost so many subscribers of late, and that there is some danger of its being given up at the end of the year. This ought not to be—it must not be. Our Brothers in the West who have undertaken it at so great sacrifice of time, and money, and study, and for the good of our cause on the west of the mountains, deserve a rich reward, both of esteem and money.

The subscription is only three dollars a year, and the Monthly Magazine is one of the most spirited and interesting in the country.

Who will second our earnest wish, and send us his name as a subscriber, or a donation, to be transmitted as a New Year's present to the support of the Messenger, and the encouragement of its excellent Editor?

We are requested to state that the subscription for the present year to the 'Western Messenger' is to be paid to Joseph M. Smith 138 Washington Street. Back payments are to be made to James Munroe & Co.

## OBITUARY.

*For the Register and Observer.*

Died in Hingham, 3d inst. Mrs Susan Joy, wife of Edward Thaxter Esq. aged 46. By the death of this intelligent and virtuous lady, an aged father, a devoted husband, and three young children are deprived of one who seemed all-important to their comfort and happiness. She stood a steady central point around which many felt it a privilege to revolve. By a shock of apoplexy, she was instantly deprived of all consciousness, and we therefore lost the words of wisdom and love which she would have uttered for us. As a daughter, she was ever ready to lighten the burdens of age which were pressing on her parents; and she thought it her duty, to make her house the happiest place on earth to her husband and children. Her devotedness, as a mother was most entire. She seemed to try to exhaust a mother's love on her children. Delighting at times to live in the ideal, the actual was not sufficient for her. Christianity, which she early professed, had thrown the mellowness of piety over her life, and the interest she felt in some of the public schemes of beneficence was deep and practical. As a friend she was warm and generous, thoughtful and free. She seldom failed to please, and children of all ages loved her abounding hospitality. That we are no more to have our dejected spirits cheered by her sweet music, our wearied minds rested by her vivacious conversation, and our homes gladdened by her friendly visits, is truly to us all a great sorrow. But we do not murmur; God's will be done. She rests in Jesus and it is well. Be it our care to make wise use of such events. Feeling that we have secured a part of our own immortality, in the death of those we love, may we strive to keep along with them in the advances we trust they are making under the new auspices of celestial culture. B.

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The following notice of the same exemplary lady is from another source.

It seems a duty that we owe to the public, that the early departure of a character of exalted virtue, should not pass unnoticed. The subject of this notice, united to very high intellectual powers, all that is lovely and endearing in the gentler virtues of her sex. A genuine kindness of feeling, a warmth and even enthusiasm of benevolence breathed forth in every expression of her soul, not only in benignant speech but beautiful and untiring practice—for it was in her character a principle growing out of a deep and abiding piety.

Believing that the Government of God is founded upon the principle of immutable Love and unbounded benevolence, she believed that the nearest approach to that all pervading power of universal love in human character was the nearest approach to the perfection of our natures, and the only sure preparation for the attainment of happiness in time or in eternity.

Those who listened to her familiar conversations could not but be delighted with the prevailing tone of high moral sentiment, which seemed indeed to inspire and regulate all her conduct. The influence of such a mind cannot be lost in society, nor can its value be appreciated—more particularly in its effects in forming the character of children. And that the influence of her character and sentiments have not been lost is evinced by the deep and universal grief of a very large circle of friends at her early and sudden departure. Yes, the power of a character of exalted excellence will never be forgotten or spent—it will go forth from generation to generation and secure an immortality on earth.

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Died in Brighton, on Friday last, Mrs Sarah, wife of Gorham Parsons, Esq. 71.

Seldom has any one filled more entirely a wide sphere of usefulness, than this lady. Gifted with a mind intelligent and comprehensive, an ardent desire for knowledge, and a cultivated taste, she united with these, practical common sense and the most thorough attention to her household duties. The sound judgment that pervaded her intellectual pursuits discovered itself in the every day affairs of life; and while she found time for reading and reflection, nothing in other departments was neglected or omitted. Those who were near her relied upon her for guidance and instruction, gladly and safely. Feelingly alive to the beauty of the natural world by which she was surrounded, she seemed to regard her means of happiness as given for the benefit of others. Her time and powers were in many instances devoted to invalids, who, like herself, were doomed to approach the grave by slow and protracted disease. How much they were cheered by her benignant smile and soothed by her kind attentions, they often gave just and feeling testimony.

Her unwearied zeal for her friends was neither extinguished nor weakened by years of ill health. Her disinterestedness and generous temper brought its true blessings: for it often beguiled the sense of her own sufferings; and she forgot her laboring breath, her exhausting cough, while administering to the wants or enjoyments of others. Never was there one who made less exactions on her friends, and never one who received more devoted attention in the hours of sickness and suffering.

The singular firmness and strength of character, which distinguished her whole life, failed not at its close. The terrors of death could not alarm her, nor its pains extort a murmur. And her last hours exhibited the calmness of unshaken hope, and the confidence of one whose piety had grown and ripened before the shadows of death darkened around her.—*Daily Advertiser.*

## CONGRESS.

In the Senate, on Tuesday, the President's Message was received, and 6,500 copies ordered to be printed.

*Death of Mr Kent.*—Mr Clay of Kentucky, rose and said;

'The unavoidable absence of the surviving Senator of the State of Maryland, has devolved on me the melancholy duty of announcing to the Senate—what it already too well knows—the lamented death of his worthy colleague. He suddenly expired, on the 24th of last month, in the 59th year of his age, and a few minutes before apparently in excellent health.'

After some appropriate remarks on the public life and character of Mr Kent, Mr Clay said:—

'Twenty-six years ago, he and I entered the House of Representatives together. During the long period which has since intervened, what agitating questions have arisen to shake this vast confederacy, each in its turn, seeming to threaten it with overthrow! But the Republic stands up, proud and erect, bearing aloft its glorious banner of original and added stars and stripes, and marching steadily on to its high destiny. The fearful questions of controversy have been happily put to rest, and many of those who were most apprehensive of the fate of our country, silently sleep in the grave. Should not these groundless fears inspire us with more confidence in the durability of our admirable institutions? Should not our transitory turmoils, and our fleeting existence, inspire us with a spirit of mutual forbearance and brotherly love?'

In respect to the memory of Mr Kent, it was voted that the members of the Senate would wear crape on the left arm, for thirty days, and as an additional mark of respect, the Senate voted to adjourn to the next Wednesday.

In the House, it was voted to print 20,000 copies of the Message, and 15,000 of the accompanying documents.

In the Senate on Wednesday, Mr Grundy, in pursuance of notice given on the preceding day, introduced a 'bill for the preservation of life on board of vessels navigated wholly or in part by steam,' which was twice read and ordered to be printed. The annual report of the Secretary, was received, and ordered to be printed. After some conversation on the appointment of the Standing Committees, the Senate adjourned.

In the House of Representatives, a joint resolution, ordering the appointment of two Chaplains, of different denominations, to serve during the session, was agreed to. A resolution for the appointment of the Standing Committees was postponed to the next day.

In the Senate, on Thursday, the standing committees were announced.

Mr Walker introduced certain bills respecting public lands; and Mr Davis, of Massachusetts, on leave, introduced a bill to authorize the President to cause the public vessels to cruise on the coast in the winter season, to relieve distressed navigators.

Rev. Mr Slicer, of Georgetown, was re-elected Chaplain unanimously.

On Friday, the different subjects of the President's Message were referred to the appropriate committees, and the Senate adjourned to Monday, after a short session on executive business.

In the House of Representatives, the speaker laid before the House a communication from the Secretary of the Treasury, in reference to steam boilers, with printed copies of a report on the subject from the Franklin Institute. The resolution for an inquiry relative to the delays of the exploring expedition was agreed to. On motion of Mr Whittlesey, it was ordered, that the Standing Committees be now appointed. Mr Haynes offered a series of resolutions for referring the several topics of the President's Message to the committees, which were ordered to be printed, and the House adjourned to Monday.

In the Senate on Monday, Mr Davis made an earnest appeal in favor of an early decision of the bill for the relief of vessels on our coast in the winter.

Mr Crittenden introduced a bill to repeal such portions of all laws as authorize the postmaster General to establish an Express Mail in addition to the regular mail. A call was made for a statement of the expenses of this mail, and its receipts.

In the House of Representatives, the Chair announced the Standing Committees for the present session. They are not materially different in their general composition, from those of the last session. The following are the Chairmen of some of the leading Committees:—

On Elections, Mr Buchanan; Ways and Means, Mr Cambreleng; Public Lands, Mr Boon; Post-Office and Post Roads, Mr Montgomery; Judiciary, Mr Thomas; Manufactures, Mr Adams; Indian Affairs, Mr Bell; Military Affairs, Mr McKay: Naval Affairs, Mr Ingham; Foreign Affairs, Mr Howard.

After four ballotings, the Rev. Levi R. Reese, of the Methodist Church, was elected Chaplain of the House.

## INTELLIGENCE.

*Meeting in Faneuil Hall.*—Agreeably to previous notice, a meeting was held on Friday morning, in Faneuil Hall, for the purpose of expressing the opinions of this community on the freedom of speech, the liberty of the press, and the importance of maintaining the supremacy of the laws.' The meeting was called to order by Dr Abner Phelps, Hon. Jona. Phillips was chosen Moderator. Mr Phillips read the petition for the use of the hall, and briefly stated the purposes of the meeting. G. W. Phillips and John A. Bolles were chosen Secretaries. Prayer was offered by Rev. E. M. P. Wells. The Rev. Dr Channing then arose and addressed the meeting, explaining his motives in wishing to call a meeting of the citizens, and the manner in which he became identified with the call—it having originated with himself. Benj. F. Hallet, Esq. presented the following Resolutions, prepared, as he stated, by the Rev. Dr Channing:

*Resolved*, That our civil and religious liberties, which have come down to us from our fathers, sealed with their blood, are a most precious bequest; and that when liberty is invaded, this consecrated hall is the chosen spot where its friends should meet together to pledge themselves to its support.

*Resolved*, That we are assembled here to assume the badge of no party, to narrow ourselves to no local or temporary interests, but to maintain the supremacy of the laws and to give expression and support to those universal principles of justice and freedom, on which popular institutions and the hopes of philanthropy rest.

*Resolved*, That it has pleased God to commit to this people, above all others, the cause of human freedom; that we are called to the high office of manifesting the power of free institutions to ennoble and bless a people; and that in proving false to this trust, we shall not only cast away our own happiness, but shall betray the interests of the human race, and shall deserve the condemning sentence of all nations and of future times.

*Resolved*, That to offer violence to the rights of the citizen in a free country, where these rights are understood and recognized and taken under protection of the laws, is a more heinous crime and of more fatal influence, than the oppressions of absolute hereditary power.

*Resolved*, That among our rights, we hold none more dear than the freedom of speech and the press, that we look to this as the guardian of all other rights, and the chief spring of human improvements; so that to wrest it from the citizen, by violence and murder, is to inflict the deepest wound on the republic.

*Resolved*, That by the ordination of Providence, we are passing through a stage of society, in which principles and institutions are subjected to the severest scrutiny; and that, in such a period, earnest conflicts of opinion cannot be escaped, and ought to be cheerfully endured as inseparable from the exercise of a privilege which is essential to the progress and best interests of the human race.

*Resolved*, That it is the fundamental idea of the freedom of speech and the press, that the citizen shall be protected from violence, in uttering opinions opposed to those which prevail around him; that if by such freedom nothing more were intended than the liberty of publishing what none would deny, then absolute governments might boast of it as loudly as republics; so that, to put the citizen in peril, on the ground that he presumptuously perseveres in uttering what is unpopular, or what the majority do not approve, is to assail this freedom in its very foundation, and to destroy its very life.

*Resolved*, That in a free country, the laws, enacted according to the prescriptions of the constitution, are the voice of the people, and are the only forms by which the sovereignty of the people is exercised and expressed; and that, of consequence, a mob, or a combination of citizens for the purpose of suspending by force the administration of the laws, or of taking away rights which these have guarranteed, is treason against the people, a contempt of their sovereignty, and deserves to be visited with exemplary punishment.

*Resolved*, That the spirit of mobs is a spirit of indiscriminate destruction; that when the press shall have become its prey, its next victim will be property: that there is no power on earth so terrible as human passion, unbridled by principle and law; and inflamed to madness by the sympathies of a crowd; and that if we silently and passively abandon any portion of our fellow citizens to this power, we shall have no right to complain, when our own turn shall have come to feel its rapaciousness and fury.

*Resolved*, That in this country the mightiest influence is public opinion; that mobs cannot prevail without a criminal apathy in the public mind; that one of the darkest omens of our times, is the indifference with which the nation has looked on the triumphs of lawless force; and that the time is now come for this people to shake off their lethargy, to vindicate the insulted majesty of the laws, and to pronounce a sentence on unprincipled violence, which the reckless and turbulent will be unable to withstand.

*Resolved*, That when a fellow citizen has been destroyed in defending property and the press, it is alike weak and criminal to reproach him as responsible for the deed, because he refused to surrender his undoubted rights at the command of his murderers; that with equal justice the highwayman may throw the blame of his crime on the slaughtered traveller who refuses when summoned to surrender his purse: and even if our fellow-citizen, who recently fell in defence of the freedom of the press, was driven by the violence which assailed him, into rash and injudicious deeds, we are bound so to express our grief as in no degree to screen his lawless assailants from the reprobation which is their due.

*Resolved*, That the Christian is not authorized by his religion to look with indifference on public affairs, and that he ought particularly to be roused by acts of cruelty and violence which degrade our country to the level of heathenism.

*Resolved*, That we deem this occasion too solemn for the language of passion; that we have come to this place to establish and diffuse the principles of order and peace; that we acknowledge our obligation to cherish in the community a spirit of mutual forbearance and good will; and that we earnestly desire, whilst we vindicate the rights of speech and the press, that these may be most conscientiously exercised in obedience to the dictates of justice and philanthropy.

*Resolved*, That our affection for our country is undiminished by the public crimes by which it is dishonored; that we implore for it the blessing of Almighty God; and that we pledge ourselves according to our power, to sustain its laws, to give stability to its union, and to transmit its free institutions unimpaired to posterity.

George S. Hilliard, Esq. rose and seconded the adoption of the resolutions, addressing the meeting at some length.

The Attorney General, James T. Austin, spoke against their adoption. Wendell Phillips, Esq. followed in reply, and was succeeded by George Bond, Esq. after which the resolutions were passed by the meeting.

On motion of Dr Phelps, it was voted that the proceedings of the meeting be published in the papers, signed by the officers of the meeting.

JONA. PHILLIPS, *Chairman*,
GEO. W. PHILLIPS, } *Secretaries.*
JNO. A. BOLLES, }

*Boston Schools.*—At a meeting of the School Committee, Dec 6, Thomas Sherwin was elected master of the English High School, S. P. Miles having resigned that office.

Resolved, That the Boylston School and Wells School should be attended by girls only, and the Adams School and Franklin School by boys only.

*Municipal Elections.*—The election of municipal officers on Monday resulted in the re-election of Samuel A. Eliot, as Mayor, and the following gentlemen as Alderman, viz: Nathan Gurney, Thomas Wetmore, Henry Farnam, Thomas Hunting, Thomas Richardson, Jos. H. Hayward, Isaac Harris, Martin Brimmer.

*State of the Pennsylvania Bank.* Governor Ritner, in his recent message to the Legislature of Pennsylvania, says that the state of the Banks is better now than before the suspension of specie payments, and that so far as respects them, the resumption may take place at any time. There has been a decrease of circulation to the amount of $4,899,003,84, or near one fourth, since the suspension—of discounts to the amount of $16,464,858 43—or about one fifth—and of deposite to the amount of $557,728 91, or about one twentieth—and the specie has increased more than one half, or $2,515,438 55.

The Columbus Journal says the troops of the United States, stationed at Fort Towson, on our Western Frontier, have for some time maintained among them a Temperance Society, and by reason of the constant saving of ninepences, have been enabled to establish a Reading Room.—*Transcript.*

*Yale College.* It appears from the catalogue of this institution, just published, that the whole number of students connected with it 564, viz:—Theological students, 82; Law students, 33; Medical students, 48; Resident graduates, 2; Seniors, 70; Juniors, 102; Sophomores, 127; Freshmen, 104. Whole number of students, 563; of whom 403 are under graduates.

*Convention at Worcester.* Our account of the Clerical Convention at Worcester, on the subject of Slavery, is necessarily deferred till next week.

*Bank of the United States.*—The amount of specie in the vaults of the Bank of the United States, according to the report made to the Auditor General, at Harrisburgh, on the 1st inst. as stated in the National Gazette, was $3,340,850; amount recently paid out to the Government of the United States $522,459; bills in circulation of the old bank $6,225,640, new bank $522,452, besides the post notes at long dates, issued during the late troubles.

*Daily Advertiser.*

We are informed that, in a few months, the venerable Dr Abbot, Principal of Phillips Exeter Academy, will have completed fifty years since assuming the charge of that institution; and that, in testimony of their respect for his character, and gratitude for his services, arrangements have been made, by a number of those who have received their education under his care, to obtain his portrait, from the pencil of Mr Harding, to be deposited in the Hall of the Academy. No tribute of the kind could be better deserved. Few teachers in the history of this country, have sustained their office for so long a time as Dr Abbott; none have discharged it more faithfully; and perhaps no one has done more for the cause of education, or had the forming of the minds of more of our distinguished men.—*Daily Adv.*

*Steamboat Accidents.*—We are pleased with and wish to give further publicity to articles like the following from the Nashua Gazette.

In the disasters of the Royal Tar, the Ben Sherrod, the Home, and the Monmouth, from 500 to 600 human beings were lost—and if the facts in regard to all the steamboat accidents in the United States waters, within the last year, were known, the number of lives lost would probably be at least 1000—and within the last ten years, 5000. Nearly all of these dreadful and heartrending calamities originate in one of *four* causes, viz: *intemperance racing, gross carelessness, or insufficiency* of the boats. It is shocking to think that, in this ingenious country, and in this enlightened and philanthropic age of the world, no means can be devised to arrest this careless and wanton destruction of the human race. It is devoutly to be hoped, that some influential and benevolent member of our National Legislature, will bring this subject before this Congress. Let there be an able and efficient board of Steamboat Commissioners appointed for each State in which steam is used, whose duty it shall be to examine into the condition of boats, and the characters and qualifications of every officer on board of them—and let a law be passed forbidding the carriage of liquors on board such boats—and in case of accident from *racing* or *intemperance*, it should be a Penitentiary offence. If such regulations were adopted, we should hear of very few steamboat disasters.

It appears that this subject is already before Congress, and in the hands of a special Committee of the Senate consisting of the following gentlemen, viz:—Messrs. Grundy, Wall, Clayton, Benton, Calhoun, Webster and Walker.

*From Canada.*—The Montpelier Watchman, of Monday last discredits the accounts which have been given in the Montreal papers of the great losses of the Revolutionists, and states that at the affair at St. Charles, the loss was but about a dozen killed, and thirty-two prisoners and that Col. Wetherall merely took possession of a position which Gen. Brown had abandoned. It says—

The intelligence of the last few days, which we have gathered both from letters and from conversation with a gentlemen from the frontier, satifies us first, that the radicals are comparatively without arms, and did not intend to begin the war, at any rate, until the winter; and secondly, that the government was aware of their condition, and designedly forced them prematurely to take arms, hoping thus to defeat their plans.—*Boston Courier.*

*Revolutionary movements in Upper Canada.*—It appears by late accounts from Upper Canada, that there has been an outbreak of the disaffected population there, and that Toronto, the Capital of the Province has been taken by the insurgents. Later accounts state that the place has been retaken by the royalists.

For a more full and correct account of the affair we must wait till next week.

## MARRIAGES.

In this city, on Tuesday by Rev. Mr Pierpont, Mr George S. Jackson, of the firm of Browne & Jackson, to Miss Laura Ann, daughter of Elijah Fitch, Esq. all of this city.

In this city, on Thursday, by Rev. Mr Young, Mr John H. Swasey, of the firm of Boynton & Swasey, to Mrs Jane W. Kendall, daughter of Wm. H. Prentice Esq.

In this city, Mr Alexander Hood, of Thomaston, Me., to Miss Sarah Miller.

In this city, Mr Sylvanus Simmons, of Scituate, to Miss Sarah F. Stearns.

In Charlestown, Mr Joseph Cutter, Jr. to Miss Clarissa Dennis.

In Roxbury, 7th inst. Mr James Henry Morgain, to Miss Polly M. White.

In Brighton, Mr Edward A. Story to Miss Susan D. Fuller, both of B.

In Lexington, on Thursday last, by Rev. Mr Swett, Mr Charles Sumner Jacobs, of Medford, to Miss Octavia Burbank, daughter of Col. S. Burbank, of the U. S. Army.

In Dedham, 3d inst, Mr Joseph Priest, of this city, to Miss Fanny Kimball Burbeck.

In Quincy, by Rev. Mr Whitney, Mr George H. French to Miss Eliza E. Thayer.

In Bolton 7th inst. by Rev. Mr Allen, Orasmus Willard Esq. of Harvard, to Miss Martha Stearns Houghton, daughter of S. S. Houghton Esq. of B.

In Newport, R. I. 6th inst, by Rev. Mr Freeman, Mr James Phillips to Miss Ruth B. H. Sweet, daughter of Mr Christopher A. Sweet.

In Newport, R. I. by Rev. Mr Brooks, Mr George W. Taylor, of Providence, to Miss Elizabeth S. Bush.

In New York, 6th inst Dr John Perkins of Middleborough, to Miss Anne S. Nelson.

In Madison, Ind. 11th ult., by Rev. Mr Twining, Mr Moses Forbes, of Alton, Ill. to Miss Eliza L. Southwick, of Grafton, Mass.

## DEATHS.

In this city, of apoplexy, John Parkman Esq. of Brighton, 54.

In this city, Miss Rebecca W. Webber, daughter of the late Leonard Lakin, 18.

In this city, Mr Daniel P. Thayer, 22.

In this city, 8th inst. Edwin J. Sowden, 15.

In this city, 6th inst. Abigail, widow of the late Turner Philips, Esq. 81.

In Charlestown, 9th inst, Charles Foster, aged 3 yrs 4 mths, and 11th, George, aged 1 year, children of A. W. and S. B. Crowninshield.

In Charlestown, Mrs Sarah, wife of Wm. K. Payne, 43; Mary C. daughter of Capt David Elwell, 3 1-2 years.

In Quincy, Anne Maria, wife of Eliakim Turner, 26

In Newport, R. I. 24th ult. Mary Mason, daughter of Mr William Hale, 3 yrs 8 mths,

In Ellsworth Me., Capt. Isaac Lord, formerly of Berwick, 86. Capt. Lord was one of the first settlers in Ellsworth, and leaves behind him his aged consort, with whom he had travelled life's chequered scene 63 years. Seven sons and their offspring constitute his surviving descendants. Capt. Lord was one of those in this part of the county who suffered greatly during the revolution. Being in 1776 bound from that port to Newburyport, with a cargo of lumber, to purchase provisions, he was captured by a British frigate, a prize crew put on board, and his vessel, with himself a prisoner, ordered for Halifax. In a violent storm, in which he nearly perished, the vessel was cast away near Cape Sable, and every soul perished, excepting himself, who was borne by the surge of the sea safe to land.

In Bangor, 28th ult, Miss Sarah Newhall, formerly of Lynn, 90.

In East Chester, N. Y. 18th ult William M. Evans, Esq. formerly of Newport, R. I., where he was much respected and esteemed.

In Pindertown, Ga. Nov. 5th, Lieut. Richard H. Morris, of U. S. Navy, 35, son of Hon Lewis R. Morris, of Vermont.

In Mobile, Mr Nathan Carlton, formerly of this city, 36; 27th ult. after a lingering illness, Mr Jos. B. Swett.

In St. Charles, Mo. 24th ult, Nathaniel Patten, editor of the Clarion, a native of Boston, 44.


*DR CHANNING'S SERMON.*

JUST published at this office, Dr Channing's Sermon, on the Death of Rev. Dr Worcester.
dec. 16

SUNDAY SCHOOL GUIDE, and Parents' Manual, by A. B. Muzzey, author of the Young Man's Friend, 18mo, p. 219: price fifty cents. This day published by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington st. d16

PRIZE ESSAY on Religious Dissentions:—their Cause and Cure. By Pharcellus Church, author of Philosophy of Benevolence. Just received by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington st. d16

NEW Juvenile Books.—The Mountain Cottage, or the well instructed Family.
Stories about London, by a Lady.
Leading Strings to Knowledge.
Swiss Family Robinson, &c—with a large variety of children's books, at TICKNOR'S, corner of Washington and School sts. d16

THE Contrast—or Modes of Education.—By the author of 'Three Experiments of Living,' 'Elinor Fulton,' and 'Rich Enough.' This day received at TICKNOR'S, corner of Washington and School streets. d16

BOOKS FOR NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS.

PARENTS, and others who are purchasing books for presents, are invited to look at the following list of books which can be recommended to their notice. 'The Youth's Keepsake,'—a Christmas and New Year's Gift for young people.

'Take it—'tis a gift of love,—
That seeks thy good alone;
Keep it for the giver's sake,
And read it for thine own.'

Rose Graham, a Christmas and New Year's Gift for Sunday School scholars—just from press.
The Mountain Cottage, or the Well-instructed Family, with plates.
The Palfreys, a tale, by a Lady.
The Sunday School Guide, and Parent's Manual. By A. B. Muzzey, just published.
The Young Man's Friend, by Rev. A. B. Muzzey.
Flowers of Fable, with 24 engravings.
The Boy and the Birds, by Emily Taylor. With designs by Thos. Landseer, full of plates.
The Contrast, or Modes of Education. By author of Three Experiments, &c.
The Whale and Seal Fishery, with plates.
The Wreath, a Token for the young.
The Christmas Box.
Parley's Every Day Book.
My Son's Manual.
The Youth's Book of the Seasons.
The Book of Conversation,—a Guide for the Tongue, Translated from the French.
The Woodland Cottage.
Cottage Stories.
The Winter Evening Book.
Wild Flowers—Culled for Early Youth.

*Books for Adults.*

Tales from the German, 2 vols.
The Young Lady's Friend.
Leisure Hours.
Outlines of a History of the Court of Rome.
Parley's Common School History.
Incidents of Travel in Egypt, &c.
Irving's Rocky Mountains.

*Annuals.*

The Token for 1838.
The Christian Keepsake.
Flowers of Loveliness.
The Friendship's Offering, &c. &c.

BENJ. H. GREENE, 124 Washington, corner of Water st. 3tis d16

MR GREENWOOD'S SERMON.—A Sermon preached at the Ordination of Rev. John T. Sargent as minister at large at Boston, Oct 29, 1837, by F. W. P. Greenwood. Just published and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. d 9

MISS SEDGWICK'S NEW BOOK.

A LOVE TOKEN for Children, designed for Sunday School Libraries, by the author of Home, The Linwoods, Rich Poor Man, Live and Let Live, &c. Contents—The widow Ellis and her son Willie, The Magic Lamp, Our Robins, Old Rover, The Chain of Love, Mill Hill, The Bantem.
Just received by JAMES MUNROE & CO.
d 16 134 Washington street.

ROSE GRAHAM.

JUST PUBLISHED, 'Rose Graham,' a Christmas and New Year's Present for Sunday School scholars,—by a Lady,—embellished with elegant plates, and bound in various styles. BENJ. H. GREENE, 124 Washington, corner of Water st.
3tis d16

HISTORY OF ROME:—From the German of Schlosser, Wachsmuth, Heeren, &c. Just received by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington st. d16

SULLIVAN on Causes and Effects.—Historical Causes and effects, from the fall of the Roman Empire, 476, to the Reformation, 1517. By William Sullivan, Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences; 1 vol—just published, and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington st. d16

FRENCH FUR SHOES.

JUST received a fresh supply of French Fur Shoes with double soles a very superior article—also a large assortment of all other kinds of French shoes of the very best quality.
ALSO India Rubber Shoes of all sizes, selected expressly for retailing.
For sale by Henry L. Daggett. No. 206 Washington street. 4tis dec 16

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL, in Egypt, Arabia Petræa, and the Holy Land: by an American—second edition, with additions. This day received by WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.
d 10 121 Washington street.

WEEKS, JORDAN & CO., 121 Washington St Publishers and Agents of Reviews, Magazines and Periodicals.
Colleges, and other associations supplied as usual, with all current works—Religious, Professional, Scientific, and Miscellaneous—American and European, at a liberal discount when several are supplied

## POETRY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

### DIEU EST PARTOUT.

Where is thy favored shrine,
God of creation's space?
Where is the temple wholly thine,
Where we may seek thy face?

What altar can we see,
Beneath the arch of heaven,
To which our contrite souls may flee,
And find their sins forgiven?

Art Thou not every where?
Our Father and our God!
O'er earth and heaven, through sea and air,
Thy glory shines abroad.

But while the dome we rear,
Sacred to thee alone,
Those gracious words the spirit cheer,
'Creation is my own.'

Thy hands have reared a shrine,
Where all may kneel in prayer;
Where, kindled by thy love divine,
Our souls that love may share.

God of the azure heaven!
God of the forest shade!
These are thy shrines to mortals given,
For earthly incense made.

Then be our spirits fraught
With pure and constant love.
May every wish, may every thought,
Aspire to thee above.

*Taunton.* Y. L. E.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

[Translated from the German of Uhland.]

### THE POET'S RETURN.

There lies the Poet on the bier—
His pale lips closed—their music o'er—
Sad Daphne binds with yellow hair
The brow where memory dwells no more.

In graceful rolls beside him lie
The last sweet song the minstrel sung;
The lyre, he swept so gloriously,
Rests tuneless, on his arm, unstrung.

And thus he takes his last, long sleep—
In every ear his song sounds on,
But ah! it wakens anguish deep
With thoughts of him forever gone!

Months, years, in rapid course have fled;
High o'er his tomb the cypress waves;
And they who wept the minstrel dead,
Now slumber in their silent graves.

Yet oft as smiling spring returns
With life and beauty on the plain,
The long departed minstrel yearns
To trace his favorite haunts again.

Through the old paths he loved to tread,
He glides amid the living throng;
And the past age, that mourned him dead,
Lives only in his deathless song.

C. T. P.

From the Christian Keepsake for 1838.

### THE FRIEND ABOVE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

'Lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven.'

The rust hath found thy gold,
Though lock'd within thy thought;
And in thy richest vestment's fold,
The moth its vengeance wrought.

The robber to thy hoard
Hath cut his secret way—
And what the toil of ages stored,
A moment swept away.

If thou a wealth wouldst gain,
Refined from earthly dross,
And lay thy treasure up in heaven,
Thou shouldst not suffer loss.

There was a tender love,
Which all resistless stole,
Until the Giver of thy joys
Was banished from thy soul.

A blast thine idol shook,
Cold in the grave it slept,—
If thou hadst sought a friend above,
Thou hadst not thus have wept.

### MY WITNESS IS IN HEAVEN.

'Behold, my witness is in heaven: my record is on high.'—Job xvi. 19.

Oh, who would have his record here,
Where friend may err, or foe malign?
Heaven only can the silent tear,
The wish, the secret aim, divine.

Then blest to whom, mid self-distrust,
Or frown of friend or foe, 'tis given
To claim the record of the just;
'Behold, my witness is in heaven.'

*Christian Observer, (Eng.)*

### WE WALK BY FAITH.

'We walk by faith, not by sight.'—2 Cor. v. 7.

Oft, when I lift my soul to converse high
With things invisible, I fain would know
(If such discoveries were vouchsafed below)
The state of that august society:
And whether they are far-removed, or nigh;
And how these airy beings come and go,
Or see or sympathize with human woe——
—Into these secrets 'tis profane to pry
Before the time:—We walk by faith—not sight;
And where *were* faith without a shadowing veil?
Nor can our views or visions be more bright,
Or thoughts, surmises, wishes, aught avail,
Till this enfranchised soul shall take her flight,
And bid that new-discovered world 'all hail.'

*Ibid.*

### THE WITNESS CLOUD.

'We are encompassed with a cloud of witnesses.'—Heb. xii. 1.

'We are encompased with a witness-cloud;'
So speaks that holy Book which cannot lie:
And 'tis my creed that now, before we die,
The veil of light an unseen band may shroud,
Who ev'n this place of holy musings crowd.
Much profit is there in the mystery;
Nor is it a reproach to that dread Eye
We cannot shun, that other looks are bowed
On all we do or suffer here below,
Our field of trial, and our vale of woe.
Thus guards on thoughts of ill are multiplied:
And gentlest spirits watchful at our side
(Some, it may be, we know, and yet shall know,)
Pouring sweet balms of sympathy, abide.—*Ibid.*

## MISCELLANEOUS.

(From Waldie's Library.)

### AN AMERICAN ARTIST.

In Sir Arthur Brook Faulkner's very clever new book, entitled 'Letters to the Right Hon. Lord Brougham and Vaux, presenting Rambling Details of a Tour through France, Switzerland, and Italy,' we have stumbled upon the annexed account of a young American artist, which deserves to be promulgated. It is among the probabilities that this gentleman may now be about to return to Boston, and perhaps some of the editorial corps of that place may do him a service by making this tribute to his worth more generally known. Sir Arthur says:—

'Before proceeding farther, I must stop to give you some account of a fellow traveller, a young American artist, whose history as he is already public property and an heir of fame, may not be uninteresting. Young Healy is my hero, and at this moment, without competition, the most rising portrait painter in America. We fell in with him at Turin, on his way to Florence, Rome and Naples, whither he was travelling for the purpose of making copies of certain great masters for the advantage of his employers. The famous Titian Venus in the tribune he was allowed six months to copy, and he finished it exactly in ten days, drawing crowds of Italian artists about him while occupied on the work. This single trait may perhaps propitiate your patience to hear the rest.

Healy, who has passed his minority only a few months, is from Boston, in America; the son of an Irishman, the master of an American merchant ship, who, in the rebellion of '98, emigrated from near Dublin, and by a succession of reverses, was at last reduced, with a wife and numerous family, to the most laborious and menial drudgery for a subsistence. Young Healy was a ploughboy at 12 years of age, but finding it too much for his strength, became apprenticed to a baker. It was the oven which first threw in his way the accident that acquainted him with his talent. The baker's daughters were fond of displaying before him their accomplishment of flower painting, and seeing the interest which the young apprentice took in their performance, they gave him an outline of one of their drawings to color and his success was such as to astonish the whole baking circle; he became a prodigious favorite, and every day a more frequent associate of his fair instructors.

'His bread might be said to be now baked; his renown spread in all directions, and led speedily to independence of circumstances. Indeed, from the very first, his good genius seemed to put him specially in the way of bread, as from being a plougher and baker, Ceres was now resolved on making him a confectioner. He was taken into the employ of a person in the latter line for three years, during which period he snatched every moment to flirt with his favorite muse, which drew down the displeasure of a most arbitrary and scurrilous task-master, who looked upon the time spent with his pencil as only so much dead loss to his interests.

'Healy was now obliged to seek for his models in the windows of the printshops of Boston, where, with his trough of pies and patties on his head, he lingered on many an errand. What he saw, he copied from memory, for he was unable to purchase. After enduring much rough treatment, he was at last turned off by the man of pastry, with the comfortable assurance at parting, that 'so idle a fellow would never be worth one farthing.' The only thing that grieved Healy at this change in his fortune, was being displaced from a situation which enabled him to give food to his famished parents, for whose sustenance he assured me he was often obliged to borrow a meal of potatoes. 'This,' said he, 'was the most trying moment of my life, but it put me on my metal.' He now bethought him of turning sign-painter and color-grinder, in which latter occupation he found employment from a sister artist, a professional portrait painter, and his signs were in a short time decorating half the gay shops of Boston. He had now an opportunity of cultivating the higher reaches of his art. A butcher of his acquaintance engaged him to do his likeness, in which he succeeded so marvellously, that the picture soon became the talk of the neighborhood, and proved the occasion of his getting his first order to paint portraits for money. An Ecce Homo was his maiden public work, and was purchased for ten dollars to decorate an altar-piece. He now rapidly multiplied the number of his patrons and employers. A lieutenant in the navy, whose likeness he had successfully taken, introduced him to an American lady of great talent and influence, who entered most warmly into his interests. Her portrait, by the pencil of her protege, was hung up in the gallery of a public exhibition at Boston, and attracted the admiration of all artists. Healy was required to accompany her round the gallery on the day the painting was first exhibited, and was the *lion* of every eye.

Artists and ameteurs, with the whole mob of those who only echo their opinions, vied with each other who should pay the most extravagant compliment to the rising genius. Jealousy and squint-eyed envy herself were obliged to hide their heads, or to wear smiles of congratulation to the wonder of the hour. His pencil was daily rewarded with new triumphs. He hired chambers, which were filled to overflowing with sitters; his portraits rose from ten to twenty dollars, and fortune poured in a full tide of encouragement.

'This account I drew out of our young friend between Lucca and Pistola, during an appalling night of rain. It was dark as pitch, the coachman had forgot to provide himself with lamps, and we were often in considerable danger. A happy thought, at last, set all to rights. We happened to have provided our viaticum with a few wax tapers, which we lighted, and held opposite the windows; by which means a gloomy and perilous journey was converted, by the aid of the young artist's artless story (a more modest creature than Healy does not live,) into one of the most agreeable *conversaziones* imaginable. These are long details, but to you the history of rising genius I am confident can never be tiresome.'

SUPERSTITIONS.—An English paper gives the following account of the popular superstitions of the day:—

'In Staffordshire, a farmer lately burnt a calf alive, to prevent the other calves from dying; and in the same county, a woman having kept a toad in a pot in her garden, her husband killed it, and she reproached him for it, saying she intended the next Sunday to have taken the sacrament, for the purpose of getting some of the bread to feed the toad with, and make him thereby a familiar spirit to her. At long Ashton near Bristol, there is a young farmer, who has several times predicted his own end, from what he calls being 'looked over,' and his father and mother say that they had sent to the white witch doctor, beyond Bridgewater, for a charm to cure him (having paid handsomely for it) but that he had given him over as her spells were more potent than his. If not dead, he is dying from mere fear, and all the parish of his class, believe that he is the victim of witchcraft. There is also in the same parish, an old man, who sells gingerbread to the schools, who is always employed to cure the red water in cows, by means of verses and charms which he repeats to them. In the marsh there are water doctors, who get rich. At the mines, diviners, with rods, who find ores and water; and at Weston-super-Mare, the common people pretend they see lights before funerals and believe the inhabitans of that parish always die by 'threes,' that is, three old, three young, three men, three women, &c. Such are a few of the superstitions of the age.'

### EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES.

*The manufacture of Bricks, Pottery, Glass, Cabinet making.*

Few travellers have visited Egypt without commiserating the condition of the unhappy Fellahs; every public work is executed by their unpaid labor—half-naked and half-starved, they toil under a burning sun, to clear out canals or level roads, under the eye of taskmasters, ready to punish with their formidable whip, made from the hide of the hippopotamus, the least neglect or relaxation. Such a sight necessarily recalls to mind the sufferings endured by the Israelites while they were subjected to the tyranny of Pharaoh. 'The Egyptians made the children of Israel to serve with rigor; and they made their lives bitter with hard bondage, in mortar, and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field; all their service wherein they made them serve was with rigor.' (Exodus, i. 13, 14.) The manufacture of bricks from the mud and slime of the Nile appears, indeed, to have been a very laborious and painful occupation. From the monuments we learn that the labor was principally performed by slaves or captives taken in war. One representation of this manufacture at Thebes displays laborers of three different nations, distinguishable by the different colors of their flesh; among these, the dark red are Egyptians, the light brown and the yellow are foreigners. Some persons have imagined that they can trace a Jewish cast of countenance in the light brown figures, but whenever Jews are found on the monuments, and they unquestionably occur in the painting of a triumphal procession discovered by Belzoni in the tombs of the kings, they are painted deep red, and are distinguished by large beards, bushy hair confined within a band, and fringed garments, none of which characteristics appear in the figure of the brick makers.

The process of manufacture does not differ materially from that used in our own day. The clay was brought in baskets from the Nile, thrown into a heap, thoroughly saturated with water and worked up to a proper temper by the feet of the laborers. We observe that the watering and tempering of the clay is performed entirely by the light-colored laborers, who, as we have before observed, were captives. This labor in such a climate, must have been very fatiguing and unwholesome, and it appears to have been therefore shunned by the native Egyptians. In all ages the rulers of this country have completed their public works by a profligate expenditure of human life: one hundred thousand workmen fell victims to the toil of cutting the canal which Pharoah Necho opened between the Nile and the Red Sea; and Mohammed Ali worked away twenty thousand lives in completing a canal between the Nile and the sea of Alexandria. We find from the narrative in Exodus that the Pharaohs imposed the severest tasks on foreigners and subject nations; it is not an improbable conjecture of Roselini's, that the wretched victims of tyranny depicted on the monuments are Greeks and Anatolians, supplied by the slave-dealing, kidnapping Phœnicians, whose piracies in the Ægean and Euxine seas were quite as extensive as their commerce.

The clay, when tempered, was cut by an instrument somewhat resembling the hand-plough, and moulded in an oblong trough; the bricks were then dried in the sun; some, from their color, appear to have been baked or burned, but no trace of this operation has been yet discovered on the monuments.

Pottery was an art in which the Egyptians acquired great perfection: from its frequent occurrence on the monuments, it would appear that the Egyptians, like the Hebrew poets, discovered a moral signification in the motion of the rapid wheel; the formation of a beautiful vessel from the plain clay naturally became a symbol of creation. Thus, Isaiah, 'O Lord, thou art our father; we are the clay, and thou our potter, and we all are the work of thy hand.' (Isaiah, lxiv. 8.) The clay is first rounded by the hands and revolving wheel until it is fashioned in the solid; the upper part by a touch is indented, so as to form the neck.

There were several specimens of pottery in Giovanni d'Athanasi's collection, and there are some now in the British Museum, which would not have disgraced Wedgwood's manufactory.

Some ancient traditions ascribe the invention of glass to the Phœnicians, but the monuments seem to prove that the Egyptians have a better claim. We find glass-blowing a regular trade, employing gangs of workmen in a large factory.

We have met no representation of casting glass, but the images and idols which have been found in the tombs prove, that the Egyptians were acquainted with the art, and also that they could give their glass a great variety of colors. The most prevailing tints in the ornaments are dark blue, emerald, green, scarlet, purple, yellow, and violet. Cailliaud has depicted a curious net or reticule found upon a mummy at Thebes. It is formed of small glass bugles, strung together like the glass beads used for making purses. The pattern is singularly rich; among the figures embroidered we notice the sacred beetle and the antelope. The preparation of these purses appears to have been an amusement of the Egyptian as it is now of some English ladies. In one of Rosellini's plates we see a lady engaged in stringing beads for the purpose.

Carpentry, cabinet-making, and upholstery, in all their branches, are represented with great minuteness. The axe, the adze, the chisel, and the saw, do not differ very materially from the instruments at the present time.

We even find the centre-bit, or drill, an implement which could not have been invented until the arts had made a very considerable progress.

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The subjoined Extracts from Mr Buckingham's Lectures, we copy from the N. Y. Evangelist.

PYRAMIDS.

The statements of some travellers would seem to lead to the idea that there were but three pyramids in all Egypt, because they only speak of the three great specimens, which stand not many miles distant from Cairo, on the opposite side of the Nile. But the fact is, that within a compass of not more than 100 miles, more than 200 pyramids may be seen; in fact, they literally abound throughout Egypt; and their number, no less than their magnitude, is truly astonishing. The shape of these monuments, as familiar to the eye, in the numerous drawings which have been made, is generally incorrect in this particular: they are represented too perpendicular: whereas, the angles are obtuse; the extent of the base being greater than that of the height. In approaching them, the traveller is not struck with their prodigious size until he has arrived at the very foot; and then, as he casts his eye up, he discovers what a mountain of stone is towering above him. The form of the pyramids is that which is best adapted to durability; each layer being placed upon another broader than itself; and the material being so massive, and the workmanship so excellent, that the 4000 or 5000 years which have rolled by since their erection, have scarcely left a trace of decay upon them. Of the measurement of the pyramids, travellers have seemed to vary in their statements; but this is not to be attributed to either a want of carefulness or veracity on their part, but to the impediments which lie in the way to prevent a correct survey of their dimensions. Situated as they are in the open waste of the desert, the sand has accumulated upon their foundations, and piled itself high against their sides; therefore, the different circumstances under which these surveys have taken place, have been the cause of the various statements in regard to their dimensions. But although other and later travellers have mentioned between 600 and 700 feet as their height, still, Herodotus, Strabo and Pliny, all of whom visited them, have noted their breadth, as well as height, at 800 feet—all the sides being equal. Some of the stones which form these mammoth structures measure from ten to twelve feet in height; and some even of the largest of them may be found at the very top. What means were used to lift them, has thus far, and probably always will remain a problem. Mr Lyell, the celebrated geologist, entered into a critical estimate of the weight of a single pyramid, and computes it at 60,000,000 tons. Now, as the whole amount of tonnage belonging to the mercantile navy of Great Britain amounts to but 20,000,000, consequently it would take three times as many vessels as are engaged in the commerce of that maritime nation to convey the material used in the formation of a single Egyptian pyramid. Another estimate, made by a French traveller, computes the amount of material in one of these pyramids as enough to form a wall six feet high and one foot thick around the whole territory of France.

OBJECTS FOR WHICH THEY WERE ERECTED.

Various have been the conjectures concerning the objects for which these colossal edifices were erected. Some have advanced the belief that they were built for astronomical observations, from the summits of which the ancient astronomers might have an unbroken view of the heavenly bodies. But this is without foundation; and, withal, the very idea is absurd; for, in any given latitude, one observatory for such a purpose would be as good as many; and moreover the immensity of the work demands another object than this. Another opinion, and still more absurd than the former is, that they were built as places of refuge and safety, in case of a repetition of the flood; and the chambers which they contain, were supposed to have been intended as granaries for corn, to supply the people during its prevalence: but this idea is preposterous; because, if they remembered that the first dry land which discovered itself above the waters of the abating deluge was Mount Ararat, which was upwards of 17,000 feet in height, they would have known how insignificant were even these stupendous peramids in the comparison. But the last and most rational account is, that they were built as receptacles for their dead, probably for their kings; and if asked, why so ponderous? we would answer, that the views which they held in regard to the future state of the soul demanded that they should exert the utmost care in the preservation of the body. The Egyptians believed in the Pythagorean doctrine of the

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

This doctrine taught that, at death, the soul of the individual took up its abode in some other body, and then varied in respect to the character of the man while living; if good, his spirit entered into that of an angel, or some high and exalted being; but, on the contrary, if the character was bad, the spirit animated some inferior animal, which again, at dissolution, went into some other form; and so continued to inhabit different bodies, for some thousands of years, when it again animated its original frame, that is, if it is found in its original state of preservation; but, on the contrary, if the body was found to be mutilated or decayed, the spirit disdained to take up its abode in it, and both went into annihilation. Therefore, we can readily account for the labor and pains bestowed in preserving the bodies of their dead in tombs calculated to last as long, apparently, as time itself shall endure.

ASCENT TO THE SUMMIT BY MOONLIGHT.

A party of 16 persons, among whom Mr Buckingham was one, left the city of Cairo, and crossing the Nile, arrived about sunset at the foot of the pyramids—intending to undertake the arduous and extremely hazardous task of gaining the summit; they however, determined to repose until midnight, and then commence the ascent; that hour arived; the full moon had gained the meridian, and the scene was imposing in the extreme. To effect the object in view, mutual assistance was required, the steps or ledges up which they had to climb being from two to six feet high, and perpendicular. One of the party remaining below, the remainder ranged themselves in a row, after this manner: the lightest of the party being stationed upon the flanks, and so increasing to the centre, where was of course the heaviest of the party: this mode was adopted, that the assistance required from each one might be exerted most advantageously; the first being placed upon the next platform, lent his aid to the next, while the remainder raised him up from below; and thus as they went on toward the centre, the power became more and more equally divided between those above and those who had not yet ascended, so that when the heaviest individual's turn came, he had an equal number to pull and to push, and accordingly his ascent was as easily accomplished as his lighter companions. The labor and fatigue of this process, however, was greatly lightened by the extreme hilarity and good feeling which prevailed. Six hours were exhausted in accomplishing the ascent to the summit, which, somewhat to their surprise, they discovered to be a platform of 20 feet square, instead of coming off to a point, as the appearance indicated from below. Upon the stones at the summit, many names were inscribed, principally in French. The view now became intensely interesting, as the light of day burst forth, and dissipated the shades of twilight, which, however, in Egypt, is of but short duration, situated as that country is in latitude 30, about 10 degrees south of New York.

As the party gained the top, the first bright-red streak of day shot around the eastern horizon. This brilliant flash was almost immediately followed by a suffusion of the sky with a beautiful roseate blush, which soon changed into a saffron hue, indicating the near approach of Aurora. Scarce had the mind fastened itself upon these incipient beauties, when the day-god burst forth in glowing splendor, in all the fullness of his oriental pomp and majesty. On the other hand, the pale and sickly rays of the moon were becoming dimmer and dimmer, and the shades of night rolling themselves up like a curtain before the approaching beams of the parent orb. At the zenith, day and night embraced each other a moment; and then, as if afraid of the increasing brightness of the usurping Sun, the Queen of Night, enwrapping herself in her silver mantle, sought repose behind the western horizon. Scarce five minutes had elapsed from the first indication of day, before the night was swallowed up in the brighter glories of day, and the Sun, in full orbed splendor, had begun his diurnal course. Now the scenery around became invested with new beauty: the towering domes and minarets of the distant city of Cairo, glanced in the sparkling rays; the wide-spread plains of Lybia extended as far as the eye could reach, on the one hand, while the green valley of the Nile, with the intervening stream studded with its hundreds of boats, with their white sails glowing in the sunlight, lay upon the other; recalling to the recollection, the description of the celebrated Sir William Jones,

'Like orient pearls at random strung.'

The associations of the mind in such a situation are calculated to be of the most interesting nature. Standing upon the oldest monuments in the world, and stretching the eye over a land replete with so much to wonder at and to admire, and to contrast in imagination the present and the past, and call up the names of those whom we were taught to reverence in the earliest seasons of our childhood, and think that this land was once their dwelling place; and when the names of Moses, of Joseph, of the Hebrew patriarch, the aged Jacob, of the impious and haughty Pharaoh, and of others whose names and whose deeds are recorded in the volume of inspiration, recur to the recollection, how can it be otherwise than that Egypt should be considered as replete with much to render its name full of interest.

DESCENDING, AND ENTERING THE PYRAMID.

The party, after having remained sufficiently long upon the pyramid, prepared to descend, but found more difficulty here than they had apprehended; the dizzy height caused their heads to swim, as they cast their eyes downward, and they were forced to descend backward to avoid the danger of falling. Having reached the great door of entrance, which is placed in the centre of one of the sides, Mr Buckingham determined to explore the interior, and found that the passage extended downward at an angle of 45 degrees, and then changing its position, directed at the same angle upward for the same distance, bringing the sarcophagus directly in the centre of the pyramid. The interior is extremely dark, and the smell very offensive, which is caused however by the number of bats which infest them; and these animals are of so large a size, as to be termed flying foxes. The stranger is directed by an Arab guide, who provides torches by which the passage is lighted. There is one thing which would probably arrest the attention of every traveller, which is, that although all the other monuments among the Egyptians are literally covered with hieroglyphics and characters, yet no traces of carved work of any nature, not even an inscription, is to be found upon any of the pyramids.

CATACOMBS.

These are receptacles for the dead, and vary in size from 50 to 300 feet square; some are two furlongs in length, and one in breadth; the depth has not yet been ascertained. In these, the bodies were placed in a standing position, as close as they could possibly be placed together, like soldiers when formed in solid columns. When the stratum is thus completed, the second course is commenced, the feet being placed upon the heads of those below. Thus one tier after another is filled up, until the whole catacomb is full. Some of these have already been excavated to the depth of thirteen tiers, and still more yet remain to be got out. In the area of the largest of these, more than a million bodies have been discovered; and it is believed that there are more bodies in these catacombs than the present population of Egypt.

MUMMIES.

The mummies, or embalmed bodies of the dead, are, as has been before stated, found in immense numbers in all parts of Egypt. The doctrines which they believed, and which led them to build such imperishable sepulchres for their dead, led them also to embalm the corpse, so as to preserve the body entire, until the spirit which once possessed it shall return, to reanimate its former tenement. The art of embalmment, which was practiced in the time of Joseph, and which was applied to all, whether of high or of low degree, is now unknown; and the present inhabitants of Egypt, who for the most part descended from Arab stock, bury their dead after the manner of Christian nations.

There are various uses to which the ancient mummies are made subservient. In the first place, they are bought by European institutions, especially those which are found in the ornamented sarcophagus, and exhibited as specimens of curiosity, and are thus made to enrich their owners. Another use to which they are put, is, that of filling a place in the pharmacopia; and the drug known by the title of *momia*, may be purchased as a sovereign cure for an inward bruise, at almost any of the apothecaries. They are again used by the artist, being pulverized, and ground, and mixed into a color resembling a dark amber, which is said to give to the picture the appearance of the *antique*. But the common use made of the mummies by the inhabitants of the country, is to cut them up for fuel; and the traveller may view upon the hearth of the Egyptian cottager or peasant, the blazing portions of some disjointed mummy. The odor of the burning mummy is very grateful and pleasant; the ignition is quick; and being full of a resinous substance, they burn freely, and not unlike the kennal coal. This seems to be a fortunate circumstance for this people, that some substitute for the more natural kinds of fuel is to be found; for there is no coal in the land, and wood is extremely scarce; there being not much else than the palm tree, which yields them food, and is therefore too valuable to be cut down.

COLOSSAL SPHINX.

This is a statue, consisting of the body of a lion, surmounted with the head of a virgin. At first, this combination appears revolting; but when we think of the motive which led to it, the idea is invested with something pleasing rather than otherwise. The period at which the inundation of the Nile takes place, being that in which the Sun passes from the sign Leo into that of Virgo, the ancient Egyptians, as a mark of gratitude, reared this figure, combining the two signs in one; and the Sphinx may be met with in almost all groups of figures, carved upon their monumental remains. The particular figure under consideration is cut from the solid rock, on which it stands, and its dimensions are gigantic in the extreme; the length of the back being 152 feet from the neck to the end of the trunk: the paws are 52 feet long, between which a temple for sacrifice is held; the face, from the chin to the top of the forehead, is 30 feet, but is at present very mutilated. The proportions are extremely beautiful and harmonious, and the symmetry of the features has been the theme of more than one historian.


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